

## THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

The Colosseum, which is of an oval form, occupies the space of nearly six acres. "It may justly be said to have been the most imposing building, from its apparent magnitude in the world; the pyramids of Egypt can only be compared with it in the extent of their plan, as they cover nearly the same surface." The greatest length, or major axis, is 620 feet; the greatest breadth, or minor axis, 513 feet. The outer wall is 157 feet high in its whole extent. The exterior wall is divided into four stories, each ornamented with one of the orders of architecture. The cornice of the upper story is perforated for the purpose of inserting wooden masts, which passed also through the architrave and frieze, and descended to a row of corbels immediately above the upper range of windows, on which are holes to receive the masts. These masts were for the purpose of attaching cords to, for sustaining the awning which defended the spectators from the sun or rain. Two corridors ran all round the building, leading to staircases which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, occupied so much of the space, that the clear opening of the present inner wall next the arena is only 287 feet by 170 feet. Immediately above and around the arena was the podium, elevated about twelve or fifteen feet, on which were seated the emperor, senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and other distinguished personages in that city, of distinctions. From the podium to the top of the second story, were seats of marble for the equestrian order; above the second story, the seats appear to have been constructed of wood. In these various seats eighty thousand spectators might be arranged according to their respective ranks; and indeed it appears from inscriptions, as well as from expressions in Roman writers, that many of the places in this immense theatre, were assigned to particular individuals, and that each might find his seat without confusion. The ground was excavated over the surface of the arena in 1813; a great number of substructions were then discovered, which by some antiquaries are considered to be of modern date, and by others, to have formed dens for the various beasts that were exhibited. The descriptions which have been left by historians and other writers of the variety and extent of the shows, would indicate that a vast space and ample conveniences were required beneath the stage, to accomplish the wonders which were doubtless, there realized in the presence of assembled Rome.

When the imperial power was firmly established, the sports of the amphitheatre were conducted upon a scale to which the Consuls of the republic had scarcely dared to aspire. Caligula, on his birth-day, gave four hundred bears, and as many other wild beasts to be slain; and on the birth-day of Drusilla, he exhibited these brutal spectacles, continued to the succeeding day on a similar scale. Claudius instituted combats between Thessalian horsemen and wild bulls; and he also caused camels to fight for the first time with horses. Invention was racked to devise new combinations of cruelty. Many of

the emperors abandoned themselves to these sports, with as passionate an ardour as the uncultivated multitude. Sensuality debases as much as ignorance, because it is ignorance under another name. Claudius rose at daylight to repair to the Circus, and frequently remained, that he might not lose a single pang of the victims, while the people went to their afternoon meal. Sometimes, during the reigns of Claudius and Nero, an elephant was opposed to a single fencer; and the spectators were delighted by the display of individual skill. Sometimes, hundreds and even thousands of the more ferocious beasts, were slaughtered by guards on horseback; and the pleasure of the multitude was in proportion to the lavishness with which the blood of men and beast was made to flow. The passion for these sports required a more convenient theatre for its gratification, than the old Circus. The Colosseum was commenced by Vespasian, and completed by Titus (A. D. 79.) This enormous building occupied only three years in its erection. Cassiodorus affirms that this magnificent monument of folly cost as much as would have been required for the building of a capital city. We have the means of distinctly ascertaining its dimensions and its accommodations, from the great mass of wall that still remains entire. Such a building can never again appear in the world, because mankind have learned that the expenditure of princes upon useless monuments to their own pride and power, can only be wrung from the hard labours of the people themselves; and that the wealth thus diverted from the channels of usefulness, perpetuates the abuses of misgovernment, and at the same time impedes the progress of the many in knowledge and comfort. Public happiness and the ostentation of despotism cannot exist together.

## STIRLING CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

Stirling, was in former times, one of the most important towns, in a military point of view, in the Scottish realm. From its position on the Forth, it was the key to the Highlands—"the bulwark of the north"—as Scott has called it in his 'Lady of the Lake.' It stands on the south bank of the river, and used to command the only bridge by which it was crossed.

Stirling has been called the Windsor of Scotland; and it has some pretensions to that appellation. The view from the castle is of vast extent, and comprehends the richest variety, both of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery. Towards the west, the prospect is bounded by the solitary Benlomond, rising in the sky, at the distance of about thirty miles, to the height of above 3000 feet. The intervening space is a level valley, through which the Forth is seen stealing its way with a thousand meanderings. Round the northern horizon sweeps the almost continuous chain of the Grampians. To the south lie the green hills of Campsie; turning round from which towards the east the eye rests on a plain of rich and cultivated beauty, with the sister towers of the capital cresting the distance, and between, the broad and fertile plains of Carron on the one hand, and on the other "the many Forth unravelled" in a succession of beautiful windings, till it spreads out

from a slender stream into a great arm of the sea. Some idea of the singular manner in which the river lingers over this part of its course, may be formed from the fact that it travels over about twenty-four miles in making its way through a space not more than six miles in length. The innumerable green peninsulas, of every variety of shape and dimension, which it forms in its sportive progress, present a picture which certainly has not often been surpassed in bright and animated beauty.

"Grey Stirling, with her towers and town," is unquestionably a place of very high antiquity. The oldest existing charter of the burgh is dated in 1190; but it bears to be a confirmation of former grants, and there can be no doubt that the first at least was of importance a considerable time before this. The first mention which historians have made of it, is in the ninth century, about the middle of which it is recorded to have been taken and thrown down by Kenneth II, the King of the Highlands of Scotland, when he overcame the Picts, whose principal fortress it was, and that which guarded the most exposed extremity of their territory.

It was afterwards repeatedly attacked and taken by the English, and by the several factions whose contentions continued to distract Scotland with little intermission, during nearly all the time it remained an independent kingdom. But even to enumerate all the sieges it sustained would lead us far beyond our present limits. The last time it was attacked, was by the Highlanders in the rebellion of 1745, when it was successfully defended by the governor, old General Blackeny, throughout a siege of several weeks.

Stirling appears to have become a royal residence about the middle of the twelfth century; but probably none of the present buildings of the castle are older than the middle of the fifteenth, when James I., on his return from his long but fortunate detention in England, made this place his principal royal seat.

One of the buildings in the Castle is called the Palace; being a quadrangular edifice, with a small court in the centre. It was built by James V. Here is a room designated the King's Room, or the Presence, the roof of which was formerly adored with a series of carvings in wood, in the very highest style of art. About half a century ago one or two of these ornaments fell; and the incident was taken advantage of, to pull down the roof altogether, and to convert the hall into a barrack.

The ground immediately around the Castle, and which is walled in as a royal park, contains various monuments of antiquity. Among them is an eminence, on the north-east, where criminals used to be executed, alluded to in the 'Lady of the Lake,' in the speech put into the mouth of Douglas, as he makes his way up the rock:—

"Ye towers! within whose circuit dread  
A Douglas by his Sovereign bled;  
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!  
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,  
As on the noblest of the land  
Fell the stern headman's bloody hand!"

Here also is the round table, where it is said that tournaments were anciently held, with the

adjoining seat from which the dames of the court viewed the contest, still distinguished by the name of the Lady's Rock. This, too, is introduced by Scott:—

"The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladie's Rock sent back the clang," &c.

And so frequently in ancient times, was the country in the neighbourhood of this important fortress, the scene of the meeting of hostile armies, that no fewer than twelve battle-fields are pointed out from the summit of the rock,—the glorious field of Bannockburn, the Marathon of Scotland, among the rest.

The Bibliotheque Choise of French literature, though no longer published under its former title, is united with another publication, that of the *Revue Francaise*, published by Hoskin and Snowdon, New York. This work in typographical neatness, general appearance, and intrinsic excellence, may be compared with any publication of its class, that we meet with either at home or abroad. It is, as its name imports, not a library of French literature, but a collection of flowers for the great literary parterre, which is no where more watered with genius, or cultivated with more care, than in France. Monthly we have in each number a bouquet, comprising selections from all departments, the useful, the fragrant, and the beautiful. There is something in the French literature so *spirituel* and aspiring, that a charm is thrown over the most jejune subjects, and it is rendered more attractive in this, than it can possibly be in any other language.

The *Revue Francaise* is valuable to all who read the French language well, but particularly so to those who are learning it, as the contents of a periodical are much more easily mastered than the heavy pages of a voluminous work. The sprightliness of the lighter branches of French literature is exceedingly attractive, as may be seen by the following translation from the number now before us, furnished by an intelligent literary friend.

#### A SOIREE AT LADY N\*\*\*.

I had returned one cold evening in December, disappointed enough, from a visit where I had found no one at home. I was dressed, and as I do not like the labour of such preparations, I stopped mechanically before the well-lighted shop of an apothecary, turning over in my mind what I should do, in honour of my Cashmere vest, my granate coloured coat, with gold chased buttons and my boots a *Saksaki*. I was in a sort of indolent indetermination, unable to find any means of turning to advantage, my fine dress, which I cursed, and which prohibited my going to spend the evening gaily with my friends, when a well known voice called out

"Well! Henry! what are you about, planted there by the cold, opposite that bottle of water for the cure of chilblains?"

I turned, and pressed the hand of one of my best friends.

"You look fine this evening," said I, folding my arms in my cloak! "do you visit in this neighbourhood?" added I with a half sigh.

"My dear fellow, I am going to take tea with Lady N\*\*\*. If you were only dressed,——I'd take you along."

"Oh, thank you," says I, throwing the cloak off my shoulders under the pretext of consulting my watch.

"See now! you are dressed like a bridegroom!—Zounds! I'll take you along."

"Not so fast, if you please," says I, "you don't know yet it would suit me. Besides I don't know——"

"Good Heavens, my dear fellow, these English are so fashionable. Come along, you will be amused."

"Are there any young ladies there?" said I. "Ay, are there; delightful ones my dear boy, who speak French like ourselves—come."

"Agreed!"

Ten minutes afterwards, we entered a magnificent hotel in Helder street, glittering with cut glass, gilding and drapery, divinely arranged, blue and granate.

On a spacious sofa, at the extremity of the saloon, three young ladies, negligently placed, were amusing themselves in turning over the leaves of an album.—Their feet were upon the rich hair cover of Gobelin manufacture.

We advanced near the fire, around which were seated a number of ladies and gentlemen.

"Milady," said Evariste, addressing the mistress of the house, "allow me to present to you one of my best friends; I ask of you for him, the same kindness you have shown for me." And Lady N\*\*\*, a large, cold statue-like woman, opened, as she fixed her eyes upon me, a great toothless mouth, from whence issued a certain noise like the crackling of a piece of parchment. I made her a profound bow—this finished the ceremony.

"This is your house, my dear fellow," said Evariste; "Your tea will be served here every evening—there are charming women here—and you will form delightful acquaintances."

While he thus vaunted the pleasures attendant upon the tea parties of Lady N\*\*\*, I surveyed all parts of the saloon, which contained about twenty persons. But my eyes fell with most pleasure, upon the charming beauties upon the sofa; and as in a *bouquet*, we recur ever to the freshest and most fragrant flowers, my attention, abandoning all other portions of the room, was riveted upon the three rosy and splendidly dressed young ladies, who were immersed in a sea of light, shed from a rich candelabra, on a table by them.

One of them, the middle one, and the merriest, was especially beautiful. She was not too large—of a fair complexion, with a rich frontlet around her forehead, like the rich cream which mantles over the milk below it—cheeks and lips animated with laughter; black eyes, the sparkling expression from which varied, as from the facets of a chrysal pendant; the whole enclosed by a wreath of hair, which fell in voluptuous ringlets, around her enchanting visage;—then a waist so surprisingly slender. In short, of a form, the most perfect, languishingly inclined in the most coquettish attitudes over the album, with which all three were amusing themselves. The other two young ladies were likewise well enough; but her! the lady of the album, she was the most winning, for winning is the word; not beautiful,—winning!

"Who," said I, in addressing Evariste, "who, is this charming sportive fair one, seated between the two English ladies?"

"Ah, my dear boy; charming! charming! that is Miss Florine de\*\*\*, one of the jolliest dames of Paris. She's brilliant—all talent, my dear fellow!—surpassed at the piano forte!—witching when she sings—ravishing when she dances! and ———"

"Enough! enough," said I, interrupting him, "you have already worked yourself into such a passion, as to fix her attention—see how she observes us; let us move away—"

"What!—on the contrary," said he, "let me present you."

"By no means—it is not a good time," said I, drawing him to another part of the saloon.

"Zounds, you remind me!—shall I tell you a good story, little known I assure you, in regard to her, the beautiful Florine? You know Gustavus Angot, the only son of the rich banker de ———"

"Well.—He is a gay young fellow, full of talent and spirit. He was much sought in the *bon monde*. His

social rank and financial station, assisted also the elegance of his manners, for —"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, my dear fellow, fancy him, madly in love with this fair lady. She loved him also—I believe so at least. Their approaching union, was the grand topic of the saloons. Marquises, Countesses, Baronesses, surrounded the gay Florine, praising Gustavus and his good taste. Finally, the demand in marriage was seriously made. That lady there upon the sofa, asked eight days to reflect upon it."

"Eight days," said I "was but reasonable—a young girl must be familiarized to the idea of the transition to a young woman."

"But after these eight days, eight more. Then eight more; in fine, as much reflection in taking a husband, as in the choice of a colour for a ball. The old Chevalier de\*\*\* visited his daughter one evening, to know finally from her own lips, what hopes Gustavus might entertain. Think what he must have suffered, from this procrastination, poor fellow, enamoured of this enchanting girl."

"My daughter, my Florine," said the Chevalier, "I came to know of thee, what we must definitely reply to those, who do us the honour to seek our alliance. One month thou hast been reflecting upon it. It is time thy mind was made up."

She put on a prudish look, pursed up her little mouth (just as I'd like her to do to me for reconciliation) and twisted the lace border of her work apron.

"Come, my Florine, open thy heart to thy father; come my dear child!"

"Papa!" she stammered forth.

"Well; dost thou love him? Hast thou any thing to say to thy mother!—come be not a child!"

And she looked prudish again, and she made a charming little mouth, and she twisted the corner of her silk apron!

Then.

"Listen—dear papa,—you know how much I love you.—It would be so hard to me to leave you! True Gustavus is very amiable! he is the most gracious cavalier of our saloons! but—"

"But!"—replied the old Chevalier.

"But," said she, half concealing her pretty face in her silk apron, "to be called—Papa, dear papa, do not be angry, but it would be dreadful to be called—Madame Angot!"

"My child," said the Chevalier, suddenly rising, "you are mad. In truth, this is the strangest reason."

"Dear Papa," said the cajoling girl, throwing her arms round her old father, and playing with his cross of honour: "fancy then, when I should arrive at the saloon, the ball, after the Countess de —, the Marechale —, had been announced; how I could bear to hear the thundering voice of the footman, cry out: madame Ang —! oh, every body would turn to look at my hoop, my neck, my carlin, my green paper fan. You see now, dear little papa, that is quite impossible. And besides, I have the headache now."

"In fine, my dear friend, she put into play a thousand other whimsicalities, and that is the reason, dear Henry," said Evariste, that Miss Florine is still a young lady."

"What would you; her ideas are of the highest aristocratic cast. I believe she would like to see on the head of her spouse, the plumes of the peacock. I wish it for her. Tell me, now, is not that a delicious anecdote?"

"It is a queer story, and hardly credible! I confess, I should like to hear her chat."

"Are you willing now to be introduced?"

"Very."

I passed my hand through my hair, and we approached. A thought struck me, and I squeezed the

arm of Evariste. "But a simple untitled name, like mine! will it be well received, said I?"

"You are right—stop. I'll add the name of your mother to your own, and that will make a magnificent name."

Then ten steps farther!

"Ladies," said he, pulling at his silk doublet, "I have the honour to present to you M. L. de B—, officer in the royal marine corps, and my best friend; he draws and sings like an angel, and speaks English nearly as well as these two Misses. I am happy and proud, ladies, of this circumstance, which gives me some claim to your remembrance."

He bowed and disappeared.

I was struck dumb by this tirade of my Mécenas; I reddened, and stood rooted before the three young ladies, who gazed at each other, without understanding my first observation. I was about to begin with common places, when the gay French girl, supplied me with a delicate opportunity. That instant I forgave her, her mania for titles.

"How does Monsieur like that head of ? don't we have rarely seen any thing so beautiful—I think, that could not have been conceived, save in the imagination of an artist, and that never."

"It is said, Miss, that Lawrence sees in his dreams at night, the delightful heads of young ladies and children which he subsequently animates upon the canvass. If the artist has dreamed this here, I, more happy, may recollect having seen one which surpassed it."

She reddened, with pleasure, else I know little—and turned over the leaves of the album. It was a book of marine views of Eugene Isabey, taken from the *Revue Maritime*.

"Oh—the poor little boats," said she with charming terror—"look there, Ellen!"

Ellen looked.

Oh it was fine, the three heads of those young girls. The interest with which they invested those berks, made me proud of being a sailor.

"What is the name of that little boat?" said Ellen, (in English) to me, raising her two black, lustrous eyes.

"Miss (cursed Evariste, who asserted I could——) it is—it is a cutter!"

And the gay French girl laughed—in mockery perhaps! I got enraged. I wanted none of its aid however, except in regard to her—for I believed that alone with the other two, any English would have proved sufficient.

Happily, just at this moment, a waiter came to inform the ladies, that they were waited for at the tea table. They arose, and light as leaves, they glided over the floor—Miss Florine replaced the album; I offered her my hand, and we crossed the saloon.

I was seated near her.

The cups of tea went round—I drank two—three—four. That was enough—my four words of English had already singularly heated me.

Still, I kept taking tea, when all the rest had finished. There was but one old Englishman, and myself who drank—Evariste was talking near the window, and yet I drank—the old Englishman gave over,—and still I had to drink.

Hardly, could I get my cup down upon the table but an arm was stretched out over the table and filled it. The perspiration stood on me in large drops—I was inundated, drowned, yet dared say nothing—Miss Florine, each time presented me the sugar bowl with a mischievous look—and it was nearly empty—and ten individuals talked English, with their eyes fixed on me—I was in a desperate state—I turned myself, I removed my cravat,—but the moment I could get my cup down upon the table, it was filled again.

It is perhaps the fashion in England, said I, to myself, to drown people in this way the first time they honour them with a reception. Oh, I shall remember this.

But, there was the sixteenth cup, and the stiff, statue-like lady, gibbered out something that my uncharitable neighbour translated thus:

"Lady N\*\*\* begs you will excuse her Monsieur; she says she has no more warm water,—but if you desire it, she will order some."

"Not at all—no—no—I ask your—pardon—madam,—for the trouble—I have drank—my lady, I am sensible—"

And I could not find words to tell, quickly enough that I had had an hour ago as much tea as I wanted—that my stomach was inundated—that—

Miss Florine began to laugh; and after looking full at me, she began to laugh in her cambric handkerchief,—the witch!

"You don't know then, Monsieur, that among the English, it is usual to place the spoon in the cup, and not at the side, when you have tea enough."

"What? I—and you would not tell me, Miss?"

"Monsieur—I thought you were thirsty—I saw great drops of perspiration running down—I believed you took pleasure in drinking."

"Mercy!"

And the sugar bowl was emptied before the three last cups. She fixed her eyes on me, still laughing. The adventure went the round of the circle.

"There," said Florine, after having well enjoyed herself; "they are going to dance, I believe; is Monsieur a musician? here is some charming music."

"I play the flute Miss, and like you I find these country dances charming."

And I rose with the rest.

She followed me with her eyes—I put my mouth to the flute, laying on the piano, and I sounded some musical notes, but firmly decided not to ask Miss Florine to dance, who had permitted me to drink sixteen cups of tea,—I picked up my hat.

"Do you go?" said Evariste, "what's the matter? Stay, they are about to dance, and you will spend a delicious evening! An't these amiable people? You had some gay chat with Miss Florine—hey. Every body had their eyes on you. Remain; here is a flute, and you shall play; some warm wine will be handed this evening."

"Heavens," I replied, "I have drunk sixteen cups of tea—I can't dance, and I can't make others dance—I am going to bed."

"I am sorry for you," said he, squeezing my hand; "adieu then, since you wish it."

"Good by, till to-morrow," and I went out.

Seeking my cloak in the antichamber, I heard Florine say to Evariste:

"Your friend has drunk sixteen cups of tea—He'll feel some indigestion to-night."

"Oh," said he, "he's furiously fond of it; these sailors drink like fishes."

Had it not been for that tea, I should have fallen in love with Florine. JULES LECOMPTÉ.

There was pith in the short reply of Mr. O'Connell in the British House of Commons, to a speech of Lord Althorp, against the repeal of the Irish Union. His Lordship ended with expressing his inability to comprehend "how a poor country could suffer by its union with a rich one." The leech swells upon the blood it sucks," was the brief comment of Mr. O'Connell.

Memory tempers prosperity, mitigates adversity, controls youth, and delights old age.—*Lactantius*.

The world is a great book, of which they that never stir from home, read only a page.—*Augustine*.

## A THRILLING PASSAGE.

## THE DEATH OF CHASTELAR.

There is a powerful article in the last number of the *American Magazine*, under the title of "Passages in the Life of Mary Stuart." Unable to find space for the whole of it in our columns, we cannot refrain from giving the following extract, which, we perceive, has already won a compliment from the *New York American*. The ill-fated Chastelar, having first confessed his love to the object of it, had been indignantly dismissed. The scene is thus continued.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, before the lights were extinguished throughout the vaulted halls of Holyrood; the guards were posted for the night, the officers had gone their rounds, the ladies of the royal circle were dismissed, and all was darkness and silence. In Mary's chamber a single lamp was burning in a small recess, before a beautifully executed painting of the virgin, but the light was not sufficient to penetrate the obscurity which reigned in the many angles and alcoves of that irregular apartment, although the moonbeams were admitted through the open casement.

Her garb of ceremony laid aside, her lovely shape scantily veiled by a single robe of spotless linen, her Auburn tresses flowing in unrestrained luxuriance, almost to her feet, if she had been a creature of perfect human beauty when viewed in all the pomp of royal pageantry, she now appeared a being of supernatural loveliness. Her small white feet, unadorned, glided over the rich carpet with a grace, which a slight degree of fancy might have deemed the motion peculiar to the inhabitants of another world. For an instant, ere she turned to her repose, she leaned against the carved mullions of the window, and gazed pensively, and, it might be, sadly upon the garden, where she had so lately parted from the unhappy youth whose life was thus embittered by that very feeling which, above all others, should have been its consolation.—Withdrawing her eyes from the moonlight scene, she knelt before the lamp and the shrine which it illuminated, and her whispered orisons arose, pure as the source from which they flowed—the prayers of a weak and humble mortal, penitent for every trivial error, breathing all confidence to Him who can alone protect or pardon; the prayers of a queen for her numerous children, and last and holiest of all, a woman's prayers for her unfortunate admirer. Yes, she prayed for Chastelar, that strength might be given him from on high to bear the crosses of a miserable life, and that by divine mercy the hopeless love might be uprooted from his breast. The words burst passionately from her lips, her whole form quivered with the excess of her emotion, and the big tears fell like rain from her uplifted eyes. While she was yet in the very flood of passion, a sigh was breathed, so clearly audible, that the conviction flashed like lightning on her soul, that this most secret prayer was listened to by other ears than those of heavenly ministers.—Terror, acute terror, took possession of her mind, banishing by its superior violence every less engrossing idea. She snatched the lamp from its niche—waved it slowly around the chamber—and there, in the most hallowed spot of her widowed chamber, a spy upon her unguarded moments, stood a dark figure. Even in that moment of astonishment and fear, as if by instinct, the beautiful instinct of purely female modesty, she snatched a velvet mantle from the seat on which it had been cast aside, and veiled her person, even before she spoke—"Oh God! it is de Chastelar."

"Sweet Queen,"—replied the intruder—"bright beautiful ruler of my destinies, pardon—"

"What ho!"—she screamed in notes of dread intensity—"a moi, a moi mes Français. My guards! Seyton! Carmichael! Flemming!—will ye leave your Queen alone! with treachery and black dis-

honor!—Villain! slave!"—she cried, turning her flashing eyes upon him, her whole form swelling as it were with all the fury of injured innocence, "darest thou dare to think that Mary—Mary, the wife of Francis—the anointed Queen of Scotland, would brook thine infamous addresses—Nay, kneel not, or I spurn thee—What ho! will no one aid me in mine extremity?"

"Fear naught from me," faltered the wretched Chastelar; but with a voice like that of some inspired Pythoness, she broke in, "Fear! think'st thou that I could fear a thing, an abject coward thing, like thee?—a wretch that would exult in the infamy of one whom he pretends to love! FEAR THEM! by heavens, if I could have feared, contempt must have forbidden it."

"Nay Mary, hear me! hear me but one word, if that word cost my life—"

"Thy life! had'st thou ten thousand lives, they would be but a feather in the scale against thy monstrous villainy. "What ho!" again she cried, stamping with impatient anger at the delay of her attendants, "Treason! My guards—Treason!" At length the passages rang with the hurried footsteps of the startled inmates of the palace, with torch and spear and brandished blades, they rushed into the apartment; page, sentinel, and chamberlain ladies, with dishevelled hair, and faces blanched with terror. The Queen stood erect in the centre of the room, pointing with one white arm bare to the shoulder toward the wretched culprit, who with folded arms and head erect awaited his doom in unresisting silence. His naked rapier, with which alone he might have foiled the united efforts of his enemies lay at his feet, his brow was white as sculptured marble, and no less rigid, but his eyes glared wildly, and his lips quivered as though he would have spoken. The Queen, still furious at the wrong which he had done her fame, marked the expression. "Silence!" she cried—"Degraded! would'st thou meanly beg thy forfeited life? were thou my father, thou should'st die to-morrow! Hence with the villain!—Bid Maitland execute the warrant—Ourselves—Ourselves will sign it—away! Chastelar dies at day break!"

"Tis well" replied he calmly, "it is well—the lips I love the best pronounce my doom, and I die happy, since I die for Mary! Would'st thou but pity the offender, while thou dost doom the offence, de Chastelar would not exchange his shortened span of life, and violent death for the brightest crown of Christendom. My limbs may die, my love will live forever! Lead on minions—I am more glad to die, than ye to slay! Mary—beautiful Mary—think! think hereafter upon Chastelar!"

The guards passed onward, and last of the group, unfettered and unmoved, de Chastelar stalked after them. Once, ere he stooped beneath the low browed portal, he paused, placed both hands on his heart, bowed lowly and then pointed upwards, as he chanted once again the words "Pensez a moi—Noble Dame—Pensez a moi." As he vanished from her presence she waved her hand impatiently to be left alone—and all night long she traversed and retraversed the floor of her chamber in paroxysms of the fiercest despair. The warrant was brought to her, silently, sternly she traced her signature beneath it; not a sign of sympathy was on her pallid features, not a tremor shook her frame; she was passionless, majestic and unmoved. The secretary left the chamber on his fatal errand—and Mary was again a woman. Prostrate upon her couch she lay, sobbing and weeping as though her very soul was bursting from her bosom, defying all consolation, spurning every offer at remedy. "Tis done!" she would say—"Tis done! I have preserved my fame—and murdered mine only friend."

The morning dawned slowly—and the heavy bells of all the churches clanged the death peal of Chastelar. The tramp of the cavalry deafening from the palace gates struck on her heart as though each hoof dashed

on her bosom. An hour passed away—the minute bells still tolling, the roar of a culverin swept heavily downwards from the castle, and all was over! He had died as he had lived, undaunted; as he had lived, devoted! "Mary, divine Mary," were his latest words. "I love in death, as I have loved in life thee and thee only. The axe drank his blood, and the Queen of Scotland had not a truer servant left behind, than he, whom for a momentary frenzy she was compelled to slay: yet was his last wish satisfied, for though the Queen might not relent, the woman did forgive, and, in many a mournful hour did Mary think on Chastelar.

From the Western Methodist.

## THE BATTLE OF NICKAJACK.

BY THE REV. JAMES OWIN.

In reading over in your paper two or three weeks since the remarks made in Congress by the Hon. Mr. Perrow, of Tennessee, on the Nickajack expedition, it brought afresh to my mind events long since past by. I called to mind the forms of my old companions in arms, with whom I suffered in those times of tribulation which tried men's souls; but alas! there are few now living who bore a part in our earlier Indian wars. I concluded I would write a brief sketch of the events of that expedition, for insertion in your very interesting paper.

The Indian town called Nickajack was settled by an amalgamation of different tribes of Indians, called by the general name of Chickamaugas. It was situated in what is now Indian territory, on the south bank of the Tennessee river, at the base of Look-Out mountain, between two creeks that disgorged their sluggish waters into the Tennessee. This town or Indian fort was called by the Indians the "Yellow Jackets' nest." It was the rendezvous of all the southern as well as northern hostile warriors; here they formed their plans of attack on the white settlements. They considered their situation impregnable, and boasted of being able to raise three thousand warriors in one day from the adjacent towns and forests (as we were informed by Fenelstone, a half-breed, who deserted from them, gave us information of their intended attack on Nashville, and was our guide when we assailed Nickajack.) Proud and haughty in their independent security, they paid no attention to treaties.

At length they become so troublesome that no alternative was to be chosen between breaking them up or leaving the country. Tennessee, at that time, could not boast of men enough to ensure success to the expedition, and at the same time leave enough at home to guard and protect the women and children. Gen. Robertson, therefore, sent to Kentucky for help; it was granted. The brave Col. Whitney (who fell in the last Indian war at the battle of the Thames) soon appeared at Nashville with 180 brave Kentuckians, well armed and appointed; our men were all ready; we were joined by Major Ore, of East Tennessee, the commander of the rangers, who had been on an expedition searching for the Indians on the Cumberland mountain; having heard of our expedition, he hastened and joined us with 80 men, just as we were ready to start. We now numbered in all 600 men: we took the wilderness, with Fenelstone for our guide. Passing on in good order, we reached the Tennessee river on the fourth day of our march, about midnight. It was in the month of August, about the year 1798—warm and sultry. We commenced making a few boats with frames of sticks, on which were stretched raw hides that we had packed up and brought along for that purpose. While the boats were getting ready, two men swam across the river and kindled up a fire on the opposite shore, so as to direct us across, and the men soon commenced crossing. The boats carried the guns and those soldiers who could not swim, others swam

across, so that before eight o'clock in the morning, 372 men had crossed over safely.

We were then four miles below Nickajack, and three miles above Cow Town, and the morning was so far advanced we could not safely wait for any man to get over for fear of being discovered. We resolved to make the attack even with this small number. Col. Montgomery had got over and took command of the Tennessee troops, and Col. Whitley of the Kentuckians. As the lower creek cut off our direct approach to the town, we had to take a circuit of seven miles and cross over a spur of the mountain so as to descend upon the town in the rear. We would run with all our speed a few moments, and then lie down flat on the ground, until we took breath and then would run again. We thus soon reached the mountain undiscovered, and sat down and rested on the cliffs quite overlooking the town. We sat here in gloomy silence nearly half an hour—then slid down the rocks unperceived and fired in the underwood in the rear of the town. Whitney commanded the right wing, Montgomery the centre, and Ore the left. We advanced and found the Indians at breakfast. They knew nothing of us until they saw the flash and heard the rifles speak; and then so much were they deceived, that the warriors near the bank of the river, when they heard our guns, came running with drums and shouting for joy, supposing that some of their own people had returned from a successful excursion against the whites, and were firing off their guns in triumph.

Many of the Indians were shot down on the spot, and the remainder made for the river; and as many as could getting into their canoes, and others swimming with their heads the most of the time under water; yet when they rose to take breath, the unerring rifle would send them down again, while a red gush of blood boiling up to the surface of the river showed too plainly that they would never rise again. Those in the canoes could not lift a hand to use their paddles; they lay stupified in the bottoms of their frail barks, while the rifle ball would search them out like an inevitable death warrant.

During the space of forty-five minutes, we killed 143 Indians, took all the women and children whom we could find as prisoners, and brought them off with us. In this affair we had only two men slightly wounded.

Long Town lay on the river 2 or 3 miles above. The troops hastened on to attack it. The path lay along the river bank, and close under the ridge of the mountain. When about half way between the two towns, the Indians made a furious attack upon us from the mountain above. The firing was quite sharp for a few minutes—but as their chief lifted his head over a rock to fire, he was shot through the skull and came rolling down the mountain like a huge lump of shapeless flesh. The Indians immediately fled. The brave Thomas, of Nashville, here got his death wound. The savages firing from above shot him in the bosom, and the ball came out behind quite low down his back. We brought him off alive on a horse litter, but he died soon after our return.

Our men advanced, burnt Long Town and some other smaller towns unopposed, as the Indians had all fled; we then returned and crossed over to our camp without any other loss than the three wounded (one mortally) mentioned before. We took about 20 canoes, on which we put the wounded, the prisoners, and the goods found in Nickajack—for the Spaniards had a store in this fort, and no doubt many villainous Spaniards were killed in the battle, who had often turned up the Indians against the early American settlers.

After the canoes had started down the river, a band of Indians on the other side of the river from Nickajack commenced an attack, but desisted when told by Fenelstone, in the Indian language that, if they fired

another gun their women and children and prisoners should be instantly put to death. At this moment a squaw who had her infant lashed to her back sprung from one of the canoes and swam to the shore in sight of all our troops, and made her escape.

Thus closed one of the days of severest fatigue ever experienced in the West. The day's work closed the Indian wars which had raged for many years with great barbarity. Gen. Robertson left a written notice at his camp, informing the Indians, that if any more murders were committed on the whites, he would raise an army, destroy all their towns and burn their corn. They took the alarm; their strong hold was broken up; many of their chiefs killed, and they sued for peace. A treaty followed—and from that time until the last war, they lived in peace.

All their prisoners were returned to them. The squaws informed us that they had often advised their young men and warrior chiefs to quit killing the white people and stealing their horses, or that we would come and kill them all—but their men would not mind them. When they saw us come suddenly upon them on the morning of the battle, they concluded that we came out of the clouds.

## RELIGION AND POETRY.

BY JOHN N. MAFFITT.

The connection between religious emotion and poetic enthusiasm, is a subject worthy of more than a transient reflection. The sensibilities and emotions connected with religion, have perhaps less of fervency than the ardor of poetry—but they have an energy, a power to mould, transform and sustain beyond any earth-born feeling. Religion, in its moments of triumph, calls in the aid of poetry to sustain with its ministry the wing of devotion rising towards its native heaven. In seasons of religious dependency, too, the harp is taught to moan with melancholy music. Plaintive thoughts—the remembrances that come over the mind of the captive,—the bright anticipations of faith,—spontaneously clothe themselves in poetic drapery—and, from this circumstance, a very common error has originated; which is, that religious emotion is nothing more than the action of the mind under a high state of excitement.

The advocate for the individuality and the supernatural origin of religion, has a marked advantage over the champion, for the excitements of genius, taste, passion, or sublimity, derived from the last scenes of life, when time gives up the being of a few years, to the unchanging dominion of eternity. It is but seldom, that a man of genius retains in the hour of death, the enthusiasm which distinguished his life. A man of genius, may indeed, have the noble enthusiasm of religion, to sustain him when earthly objects cease to interest him; but in a very general extent, men feel at death the impotency of fame, riches, power, or human grandeur in any of its varieties, and reach out their imploring hands towards the mighty spirit, whose influence is supposed to extend beyond the boundaries of this world, and control the destinies of the future.

It is just to consider poetry as the servant of religion, bending its vivid perceptions of beauty, and the melody of its song, to the service of a better one than itself. Miriam, on the farther shore of the Red Sea, could not praise the author of her country's deliverance, without calling to her aid the triumphant measures of the Hebrew verses and throughout the volume of inspiration, the higher emotions of devotional triumph are poured forth, by different writers through the language of impassioned song. An analysis of the pleasurable emotions created in the cultivated mind by poetic imagery, will at once detect the difference between religion and poetry. Montgomery, who is an excellent authority on both subjects, spurns the idea advanced by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller,

and subsequently in his life of Watts, that sacred subjects are unfit for poetry, nay, incapable of being combined with it. He considers the native majesty and grace of religious emotions far above the reach of human embellishment, yet would advocate the propriety of pressing into the service of religion the noblest powers of men; and remarks, that a poet of christian character, can find no more difficulty in blending beauty, simplicity, and sublimity, with heavenly aspirations, than in combining the same qualities of song with the dreamy flights of fancy, or the pictorial descriptions of nature and the human passions.

Montgomery has given examples from authors of the last generation of pure simplicity and pathetic expression which would have been most admirably suited to sacred themes. We give two of his quotations in his own language:—

'See the wretch that long has tost  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigor lost,  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meekest floweret of the vale,  
The simple note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.'

*Gray's Fragment on Vicissitude.*

It cannot be questioned that this is genuine poetry; and the beautiful, but not obvious thought, in the last couplet, elevates it far above all common-place. Yet there is nothing in the style, nor the cast of the sentiment, which might not be employed with corresponding effect on a sacred theme.

The following stanzas are almost unrivalled in the combination of poetry with painting, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality:

'How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy-hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There honor comes a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there.'—*Collins.*

The unfortunate author of these inimitable lines, a little before his death; in a lucid interval of that madness to which a wounded spirit had driven him; was found by a visitor with a bible in his hand. "You see," said the poor sufferer, "I have only one book left; but it is the best."

It is too late in the age of mental philosophy, to make the assertion that poetry has no power to pour its notes of sweet, and transporting melody into the quiet recesses of a deeply humbled heart. The genius of poetry, comes at the call of the holy affections. The most enduring monument of mind on earth, are the productions of the muse. Homer, embalmed in his own immortal verse, survives his country; Maro, is destined to a longer remembrance than the "eternal city"—and later poets have exerted an influence over the hearts of men, and the manners of generations, other than those in whose time they wrote, far mightier than regal authority, or the patronage of governments could command. But if a stranger to the poetry of the world, from Hesiod to Byron, should inquire in what other poetry than that found in the bible is the purity, the sublimity, the pathos, the elevating and spirit sustaining themes of our holy religion best illustrated, and most invitingly presented to the eye of taste and genius,—we must, with a few reservations, say—it is yet unwritten.

# MY SISTER DEAR.

Sung by Mr. Simolais, in the celebrated Opera of Masaniello.

*Andantino con Moto*

My sis - - - - - ter dear, o'er this rude cheek,

The first system of the musical score for 'My Sister Dear'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clef). The lyrics 'My sis - - - - - ter dear, o'er this rude cheek,' are written below the vocal line.

Or I've felt the tear - - - drop steal - ing, When

*f p*

The second system of the musical score. It continues with three staves. The lyrics 'Or I've felt the tear - - - drop steal - ing, When' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *f* and *p*.

those mute looks have told the feel - - ing, Heav'n de -

*fp > fp > fp >*

The third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The lyrics 'those mute looks have told the feel - - ing, Heav'n de -' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings *fp* and accent marks *>*.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef, a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and a bass line in bass clef. The vocal line has lyrics underneath. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *cres* and *p*. There are also crescendo and decrescendo hairpins.

nied thy tongue to speak; And thou hadst com -- fort

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has lyrics. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *f* and *p*.

in that tear, Shed for thee my sis - - - - ter

Third system of the musical score. It includes the vocal line, piano accompaniment, and bass line. The vocal line has lyrics. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *fp* and a tempo marking *Con Express.*

dear, Shed for thee my sis - - - - ter dear.

## Second Verse.

And now alas! I weep alone,  
 By thee, by joy, by hope forsaken;  
 'Mid thoughts that darkest fears awaken,  
 Trembling for thy fate unknown:  
 And vainly flows the bitter tear,  
 Shed for thee, my sister dear.

## WIT AND SENTIMENT.

### *Principle causes of the decrease of Marriages.*

A word in your ear, Messrs. Editors.

I'll tell you why young ladies do not go off quite so soon and so frequently as formerly. They are too nice and too proud, &c. &c.

I know a young lady—not very young now indeed—who, to my certain knowledge, has refused above *fifteen offers* !!!!!!!!!!!!!

One, because the gentleman could not afford to keep a carriage.

Another, because he could not speak French.

A third, because he knew nothing of the Italian Operas.

A fourth, because he stooped in the shoulders.

A fifth, because he had not fortune enough.

A sixth, because he was a tradesman.

This lady's own fortune is as follows:—

In bank stock,	£0 00
In permanent bridges do.	0 00
Turnpike roads, do.	0 00
Insurance Company, do.	0 00
Money at interest,	0 00
Lottery tickets,	6 00
Houses,	0 00
	—
	£6 00

To which in cash, diamonds, &c.

may be added, 0 00

Making in all, £6 00

With a fortune like this you may judge with what propriety a lady rejects a tradesman, or insists on keeping a carriage.

CHERAPHILUS.

An eccentric genius stepping into the door of a land-lady, observed, "Will you, ma'am, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay to-night." We doubt whether more meaning could be embodied in so few words.

*Keep me from my friends.*—Mr. J. (in his juvenilia) went to a club, and as his appearance was any thing but respectable, he borrowed a pair of breeches of a friend. In the course of the evening the lender called out to him, "J—, don't you sit down in the damp there in my breeches." A friend who condescended the embryo orator upon this expose, offered to lend him a pair of unmentionables for the next meeting—he did so, and J— had hardly entered, when his benefactor exclaimed aloud, "J—, you may sit down wherever you like in my breeches."

Some years ago, a fellow was sentenced to be cropt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion. "What, the deuce!" said the convict coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

*MORE PLAIN THAN PLEASANT.*—A lady playing on the piano-forte, on being called upon for a dead march, asked Mr. H., a celebrated professor of music, what dead march she should play, to which he replied, "any march that you may play will be a *dead* one, for you are sure to *murder* it."

*FASHION.*—A puppy grower was offering for sale a fine litter of young spaniels, a day or two since, when a barbarian enquired why he did not cut off their tails. "Why, sir, ye see as how it be 'aint the fashion now. I disavowed by the last lot, that if I go for to courtail 'em, I can't *outtail* 'em no how!"—*Lowell Journal.*

Manley acted before his majesty George III. at Weymouth, when the larce of the Spoiled Child (a favourite of the king's was played; and a remarkably masculine woman sustained the character of Miss Pickle. On lighting their majesties to their carriage, the king said to the manager, "Very good, very good Hughes; force well played, well played!"—clever man that Miss Pickle; clever man, clever man!" "Man!" exclaimed Hughes, "your majesty is deceived; the person who sustained Miss Pickle is Mrs. —, a very respectable *woman*!" "No, no, Hughes," rejoined the laughing monarch—"a man, Hughes—a man, a man!" "With all submission," rejoined the astonished manager, "I assure your majesty Mrs. — is a *woman*!" "It won't do, it won't do, Hughes," continued the delighted sovereign; "a man, Hughes, a man!—hey, Charlotte, hey! hey!—clever man, Hughes,—*saw* his beard—*saw* his beard!"—a man, Hughes, a man!" The next morning Hughes entered the green-room, and addressed the assembled company: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to tell you their majesties were very much gratified by the performance of last night—much gratified! And (turning to Mrs. — who sat in gigantic dignity in one corner of the room) I am most happy in saying, madam, that his majesty particularly noticed you!" "God bless the king!" exclaimed the delighted lady. "And the queen also distinguished you," continued Hughes. "Lord love them!" said the lady, "I saw they were looking at me, bless their dear hearts." "Yes," said Hughes, "his majesty was *very* pleased." "May the king live for ever!" rejoined Mrs. —, brightening with smiles. "But his majesty," proceeded Hughes,—"God bless him," interrupted Mrs. —. "His majesty insists that you are a *man*!" "The nasty beast!" cried Mrs. —, as she rose with offended dignity and stalked out of the room.—*Nine Years of an Actor's Life, by Robert Dyer.*

*KNOWING ONE'S PLACE.*—A lady, sending her footman to fetch home some clothes, strictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them. But a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with them dripping wet; and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said he had obeyed his orders. "How then, answered the lady, "could they be wet, if you took them into the coach with you?" "No, no," replied the man, "I know my place better, I did not go into the coach, but *ride* behind, as I always do."

A person who had rendered himself obnoxious in trade by all manner of roguery, was met upon change by a merchant who told him of some of his tricks with a freedom the other did not relish, but irritated at the recital, asked with some heat, "Sir, did you call me a knave?" "No," replied the merchant, "but I'll give five guineas if you'll find a person here, who will say you are an honest man."

Southey relates an instance, where two Smithfield drivers (a sort accustomed to cutting and eluding) tossed up for each other's ears. Nor was it in mere play for the winner proceeded forthwith to take possession, by cutting off his adversary's "souse" close to his head.

An honest Hibernian was in the House of Commons gallery on Thursday, and asked who that sleek Member was (pointing to Mr. Pease, the Quaker)? He was told that it was Mr. Pease, the chief (there) of the Q's. And who is that sturdy stalking gentleman (meaning the new Member for Leeds, who was at the time passing along the side gallery)? "That is Mr. Baines." "Faith, then" (he rejoined), "the House is well off: it has Pease and Baines; and Peel gives *Be-con*."

**NEVER HOLD YOUR HEAD TOO HIGH.**—One day, a little bantam-cock, with a high top-knot, was exceedingly vain, because he had so many feathers on his legs, that he could hardly walk, seeing a goose duck her head in passing under a bar at least six feet high, thus accosted her: "Why, thou miserable, bare-legged caulf! thou shovel-nosed, web-footed, pigeon-toed scavenger of the highways! thou fool of three elements! not content with ignominiously crawling under a fence, thou must even nod thy empty pate by way of confessing thy inferiority. Behold how we bantams do these things!" So saying, with a great deal of puffing and fluttering, with the help of his bill, he managed to gain the top of the fence, where he clapt his wings, and was just on the point of crowing in triumph, when a great hawk, that was sailing over his head, pounced down on him, and seizing him by the top-knot, carried him off without ceremony. The goose, cocking her eye, and taking a side view of the affair, significantly shook her feathers, and the next time she passed under a bar, bowed her head lower than ever.

**TRICK OF A PAINTER.**—A capital story is told of Bacci, an Italian artist. He had painted the portrait of a young sprig of nobility, without any previous agreement as to the price; and after it was finished, his customer, upon learning his terms, took himself away, and neither returned nor sent for the portrait. Whereupon the knight of the easel painted a grate over the portrait, and wrote beneath it, "imprisoned for debt." An uncle of the young man paid for the painting to liberate his nephew's face from imprisonment.

**A QUEER A MUSEMENT.**—A London paper relates an account of a single wager between the son of an Earl, and a member of the Royal Household. The former, a lad of 14, laid a bet of fifty guineas that he would sail in a washing tub from Blackfriars to Westminster, having six geese harnessed to take him in tow. He performed this feat without the least difficulty, in presence of a number of distinguished personages, among whom was Queen Adelaide. Whenever the geese were inclined to deviate, they were gently guided by the aid of a stick into the right course again. This young man had trained the geese in question on a large pond on his father's estate. He had a boat made on purpose, and could guide them in calm weather, to any part of the pond, which was several miles in circumference. The sailing on the Thames, in a wash tub, however, was an experiment in which he was entirely successful.

**LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.**—One day last week two itinerant travellers, accompanied by an enormous bear, were coming from Coventry, when bruin took it into his head to jump into a ditch. His keepers tried every effort to get him out, but in vain. A farmer's servant coming with two horses, he offered his assistance to displace the bear, by yoking his horses to him, and he was soon displaced, but in an instant gave a hideous roar. Away went the horses, with the bear secured behind, at full speed, leaving all parties far behind. A traveller coming up to them, they asked if he had seen a pair of horses with a bear along with them? "Yes," replied the man, "I did see the horses, but no bear—it was the devil driving the horses at the rate of 30 miles an hour."

Peterson, the comedian, lent a brother actor two shillings, and when he made a demand for the sum, the debtor, turning peevishly from him, said, "Hang it, I'll pay you to day in some shape or other." Peterson good-humouredly replied, "I shall be obliged to you, Tom, to let it be as like two shillings as you can."

**ASTONISHING FEAT.**—A raw-boned youth, without shoes or stockings, started from Frome on Wednesday morning with the Frome coach, and ran a-head of it all the way from that place to Devizes (19 miles), accomplishing the distance in two minutes less than two hours, apparently without the slightest fatigue!—Soon after his arrival in Devizes, he was told that a stag was to be uncared about four miles off. Thither the youth immediately proceeded; and, after waiting a short time, he followed with the horsemen, and, throughout a remarkably fine run, kept up with the fleetest horse in the field—cleared every fence—hedge, brier, and ditch—was in at the taking; and on his return to Devizes (having run altogether nearly 50 miles) offered to lay a bet that he would then run two miles in 10 minutes!—*Devizes Gazette.*

**A Bear's Conscience.**—The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his enemies. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but it is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear in the back bone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of a panther when he is hungry. The hunter instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words: "Hark ye bear, you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours is the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs—perhaps at this time you have the hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I should have borne it with courage and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct. I was present at the delivery of this curious invective, and when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it. "Oh," said he, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked, and how he blushed when I was upbraiding him?"

**CHEAP TRAVELLING.**—We have been told that a son of the "Green Isle"—recently took his seat in the new *Omnibus*, after travelling from the Point to Howard street was asked to "poney up."

"How much is it that you ask?" inquired he.

"A *levy* only, sir," replied the boy.

"A *levy*, did you say? oh! to the devil with ye, but I hav'nt got the value of a cent about me, but to make accounts square, all you've got to do honey, is just to leave me back in the place where you took me up."—*Bull. Visitor.*

Ask any saddler what a saddle is put on a horse's back for, and he will give some foolish answer as the following: "The ease of the rider, or to help the rider to hold on." Let us tell them that they are not right, and that so far from the saddle helping to keep on, it is much more difficult to sit on than the bare back, and if riders only wanted to stick on, they should ride on a cloth, or adopt the plan of the Marquis of Tweedale—ride with plush breeches on a saddle made of the same material, the nap of this being turned the reverse way to the breeches, so that they worked into one another.

A man seeing an oyster vender pass by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."

## THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

BY L. E. L.

They come, the merry summer months of Beauty,  
Song and Flowers;  
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick  
leafiness to bowers,  
Up, up my heart! and walk abroad, sling cark and  
care aside,  
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters  
glide;  
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,  
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tran-  
quility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the  
hand,  
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet  
and bland;  
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding courteously,  
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and  
welcome thee;  
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now  
are silvery grey—  
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering  
"Be gay."

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon  
sky,  
But hath its own winging mariner to give it melody:  
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleam-  
ing like red gold,  
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course  
they hold.  
God bless them all, those little ones, who far above  
this earth,  
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler  
mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder  
wood it came;  
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own  
glad name;—  
Yet, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his  
kind,  
Slow tells his beads monotonous to the soft western  
wind;  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void  
of art,  
But simple strains do soonest sound the deep founts  
of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed  
wight like me,  
To smell again those summer flowers beneath this  
summer tree!  
To suck once more in every breath their little souls  
away,  
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright  
summer day,  
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless  
truant boy  
Wandered through green woods all day long, a migh-  
ty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud  
to think  
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight  
to drink;  
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm un-  
clouded sky,  
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days  
gone by,  
When summer's loveliness and light fall around me  
dark and cold,  
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath  
wax'd old!

## THE FEATURES.

That mortals are made up of quarrelsome clay,  
My tale, I imagine, will prove as it goes;  
For the Features composing the visage one day  
Most cruelly tell to abusing the Nose.  
First the *Lips* took it up, and their reason was this,—  
That the *Nose* was a bane both to beauty and love;  
And they never, moreover, in comfort could kiss,  
For that horrid protuberance jutting above!

Then *Eyes*, not behind in the matter to be,  
With a sparkle began, as I've oftentimes seen 'em,  
And said it was perfectly shocking to see  
Such a lump of deformity sticking between 'em.  
The *Cheeks*, with a blush, said the frightful shade  
By the *Nose* o'er their bloom and their beauty was  
thrown;  
And *Ears* couldn't bear the loud trumpeting made  
Whenever that troublesome member was blown!

So 'twas moved and agreed, without dallying mure,  
To thrust the intruder at once from the face;  
But *Nose*, hearing this, most indignantly swore,  
By the breath of his nostrils, he'd stick to his place!  
Then addressing the *Eyes*, he went learnedly through  
His defence, and inquired, when their vigour was  
gone,  
Pray what would their worship for spectacles do,  
If the Face had no *Nose* to hang spectacles on?

Mankind, he observed, loved their scent as their sight,  
Or who'd care a farthing for myrtles and roses?  
And the charge of the *Lips* was as frivolous quite;  
For if *Lips* fancied kissing, pray why mightn't  
*Noses*?

As for *Ears*, (and in speaking, *Nose* scornfully cur'd.)  
Their murmurs were equally trifling and teasing;  
And not all the *Ears*, *Eyes*, or *Lips* in the world,  
Should keep him unblown, or prevent him from  
sneezing!

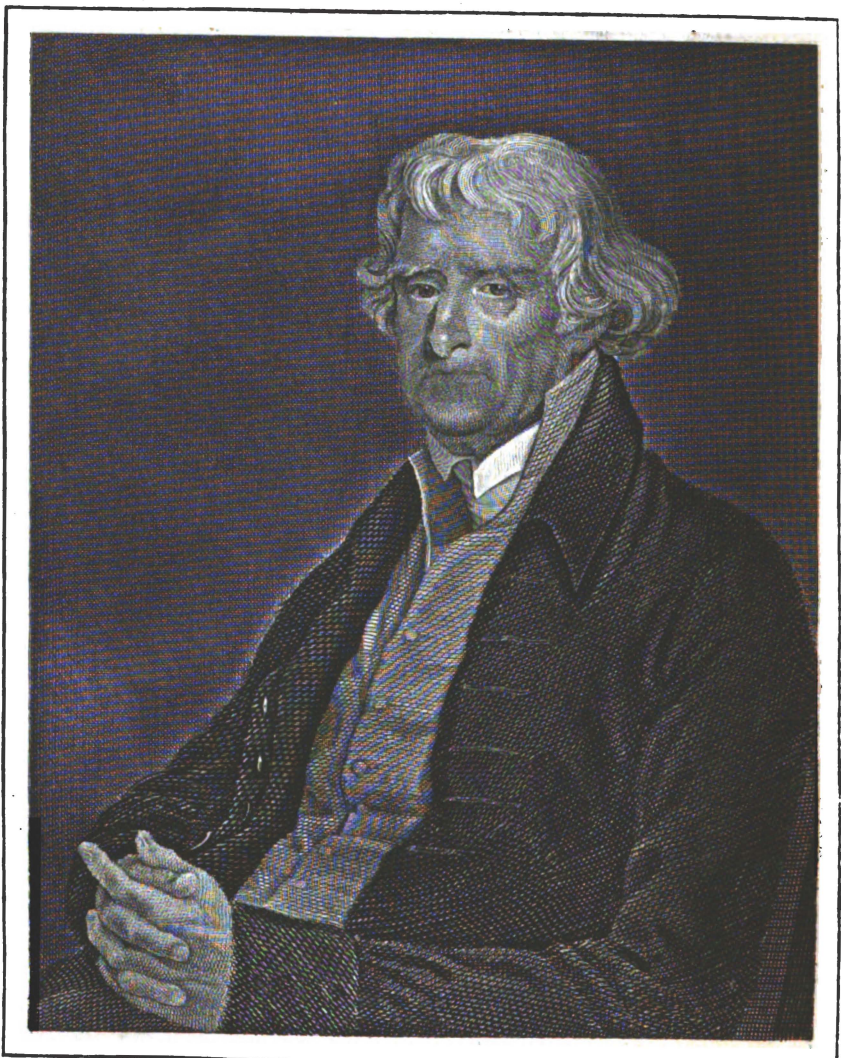
To the *Cheeks*, he contended, he acted as screen,  
And guarded them oft from the wind and the wea-  
ther;  
And but that he stood like a land-mark between,  
The *Face* had been nothing but *cheek altogether*!  
With eloquence then he repell'd their abuse,  
With logical clearness defining the case;  
And from thence came the saying, so frequent in we,  
That an argument's plain "as the nose on your  
face!"

## SINGULAR OLD SONNET.

The longer life, the more offence,  
The more offence, the greater pain;  
The greater pain, the less defence;  
The less defence, the lesser gain—  
The loss of gain long ill doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!  
The shorter life, less count I find;  
The less account, the sooner made;  
The count soon made the merrier mind;  
The merrier mind doth thought invade  
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,  
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die!  
Come gentle death, the ebb of care,  
The ebb of care, the flood of life:  
The flood of life, the joyful fare:  
The joyful fare, the end of strife—  
The end of strife, that thing wish I,  
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

A man who was imprisoned for bigamy, (marrying  
two wives) complained that he had been severely dealt  
with for an offence which carries its own punishment  
along with it!





PAINTED BY OTIS

ENGRAVED BY REAOLK

Published by Saml C. Atkinson

THOMAS JEFFERSON.







OR GEMS OF  
**LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.**

"Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,  
Above the far Atlantic! She has taught  
Her Esau brethren, that the haughty flag,  
The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,  
May strike to those whose red light hands have bought  
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood."—BAYON.

No. 8.]

PHILADELPHIA.—AUGUST.

[1834.]

**THOMAS JEFFERSON.**

THOMAS JEFFERSON, the third president of the U. States of America, was born April 2, old style, 1743, at Shadwell, in Albemarle county, Virginia, and was the eldest of eight children. His father, though his education had been entirely neglected in early life, being a man of strong mind, acquired by subsequent study, considerable information. He died when the subject of our sketch was about twelve years old, having previously given him every means of knowledge that could be procured, and left him a considerable estate. After going through a course of school instruction, young Jefferson entered the college of William and Mary, where he remained for two years. He then commenced the study of law under the guidance of the celebrated George Wythe, by whom, in 1767, he was introduced to its practice, at the bar of the general court of the colony, at which he continued until the revolution. In 1769, he was elected a member of the provincial legislature from the county where he resided, and made a fruitless effort, in that body, for the emancipation of the slaves. By this time, a spirit of opposition had been excited in the colonies to the arbitrary measures of the British government; and when the governor of Virginia dissolved the general assembly, in 1769, in consequence of the sympathy which was displayed by the majority of its members with the feelings which had been manifested in Massachusetts, they met, the next day, in the public room of the Raleigh tavern, formed themselves into a convention, drew up articles of association against the use of any merchandise imported from Great Britain, and signed and recommended them to the people. They then repaired to their respective counties, and were all re-elected, except those few who had declined assenting to their proceedings. In 1773, Mr. Jefferson associated himself with several of the boldest and most active of his companions in the house ("not thinking," as he says himself, "the bold and leading members up to the point of for-

wardness and zeal which the times required,") and with them formed the system of committees of correspondence, in a private room of the same Raleigh tavern. This system was adopted as the best instrument for communication between the different colonies, by which they might be brought to a mutual understanding, and a unity of action produced. This end was completely accomplished, as well as another object—that of exciting throughout the colonies a desire for a general congress. It was accordingly resolved that one should be held, and in Virginia a convention was assembled for the purpose of choosing delegates. Of this convention Mr. Jefferson was elected a member; but, being suddenly taken ill on the road, as he was repairing to Williamsburg, its place of meeting, he sent on to its chairman, Peyton Randolph, a draught of instructions which he had prepared as proper to be given to the delegates who should be sent to congress. It was laid on the table for perusal; but, though approved by many, the sentiments contained in it were too bold to be adopted by the majority: "tamer sentiments," in his own words, "were preferred, and, I believe, wisely preferred; the leap I proposed being too long, as yet, for the mass of our citizens." The position that he maintained was, that the relation between Great Britain and the colonies was exactly the same as that between England and Scotland, after the accession of James, and until the union, and the same as her relations with Hanover, having the same executive chief, but no other necessary political connexion. In this doctrine, however, the only person who entirely concurred with him was George Wythe, the other patriots "stopping at the half-way house of John Dickinson, who admitted that England had a right to regulate our commerce, and to lay duties on it for the purposes of regulation, but not of raising revenue." Though the paper was not adopted, the convention, nevertheless, caused it to be printed in a pamphlet form, under the title of a Summary View of the Rights of

British America. Having found its way to England, it was taken up by the opposition, and, with a few interpolations of Mr. Burke, passed through several editions. It procured for its author considerable reputation, and likewise the dangerous honor of having his name placed on a list of proscriptions, in a bill of attainder, which was commenced in one of the houses of parliament, but was speedily suppressed. June 21, 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat for the first time in congress, having been chosen to fill the place of Peyton Randolph, who had resigned. In this new capacity, he preserved in the decided tone which he had assumed, always maintaining that no accommodation should be made between the two countries, unless on the broadest and most liberal basis. After serving on several committees, he was at length appointed a member of that, whose report has linked the name of its author with the history of American independence. June 7, 1776, the delegates from Virginia, in compliance with the instructions of the convention, moved that congress should declare the United Colonies free and independent states. This gave rise to a warm and protracted debate; for as yet there were many who continued to cling to the hope of a peaceful adjustment. In the course of the discussion, it appearing that several colonies were not yet fully ripe for separation, it was deemed prudent to defer the final decision of the question for a short time; and, in the mean while, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence, consisting of John Adams, Doctor Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston and Mr. Jefferson. The last named gentleman was requested to draw up the paper, which he did, and it was reported to the house, after receiving a few alterations from Doctor Franklin and Mr. Adams. On the first of July, the day selected for deciding upon the original motion of the Virginia delegates, it was carried in the affirmative by a large majority, and two or three days afterwards by a unanimous vote. The declaration of independence was then brought before the house, by which, though generally approved, it was in some respects, modified. Those passages, especially, which conveyed censure upon the people of England, were either greatly softened, or entirely omitted, as the idea was still entertained that the colonies possessed friends in England, whose good will it would be proper to cherish; and a clause reprobating the slave-trade was cancelled, in compliance to some of the southern states, who were largely engaged in the traffic. The debates respecting the declaration occupied three days, on the last of which, the 4th of July, it was signed by every member present, except John Dickinson, who deemed a rupture with the mother country, at that moment, rash and premature. September 2, 1776, Mr. Jefferson retired from his seat in congress, and on the 7th of October, took his place in the legislature of Virginia, of which he had been elected a member from his county. In this situation, he was indefatigable in his labors to improve the imperfect constitution of the state which had been recently and hastily adopted, before a draught of one which he had formed on the purest principles of republican-

ism, had reached the convention, which was deliberating at Richmond. The chief service which he performed was as a member of a commission for revising the laws, consisting, besides himself, of Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Ludwell Lee, by whom no less than 126 bills were prepared, from which are derived all the most liberal features of the existing laws of the commonwealth. The share of Mr. Jefferson in this great task was prominent and laborious. June 1, 1779, he was chosen the successor of Mr. Henry, in the office of governor of the state, and continued in it for two years, at the end of which period he resigned, "from a belief," as he says, "that under the pressure of the invasion under which we were then laboring, the public would have more confidence in a military chief, and that, the military commander being invested with the civil power also, both might be wielded with more energy, promptitude and effect, for the defence of the state." General Nelson was appointed in his stead. Two days after his retirement from the government, he narrowly escaped capture by the enemy, a troop of horse having been despatched to Monticello, where he was residing, for the purpose of making him prisoner. He was breakfasting, when a neighbor rode up at full speed with the intelligence that the troop was ascending a neighboring hill. He first sent off his family in a carriage, and, after a short delay for some indispensable arrangements, mounted his horse, and, taking a course through the woods, joined them at the house of a friend—a flight in which it would be difficult to discern any thing dishonorable, although it has been made the subject of sarcasm and reproach without end, by the spirit of party. June 15, 1781, Mr. Jefferson was appointed minister plenipotentiary, in conjunction with others, to negotiate a peace then expected to be effected, through the mediation of the empress of Russia; but he declined, for the same reason that had induced him, in 1776, to decline also the appointment of a commissioner, with Doctor Franklin, to go to France in order to negotiate treaties of alliance and commerce with that government. On both occasions, the state of his family was such that he could not leave it, and he "could not expose it to the dangers of the sea, and of capture by the British ships, then covering the ocean." He saw, too, that "the laboring oar was really at home," especially at the time of his first appointment. But, in November, 1783, congress having received assurances that a general peace would be concluded in the winter and spring, renewed the offer which they had made the previous year; and this time it was accepted; but the preliminary articles being agreed upon before he left the country, he returned to Monticello, and was chosen (June 6, 1783) a member of congress. It was during the session at Annapolis, that in consequence of Mr. Jefferson's proposal, an executive committee was formed, called the *committee of the states*, consisting of a member from each state. Previously, executive and legislative functions were both imposed upon congress; and it was to obviate the bad effects of this junction, that Mr. Jefferson's proposition was adopted. Success, however, did

not attend the plan; the members composing the committee quarrelled, and, finding it impossible, on account of their altercations, to fulfil their duties, they abandoned their post, after a short period, and thus left the government without any visible head, during the adjournment of congress. May 7, 1784, congress, having resolved to appoint another minister, in addition to Mr. Adams and Doctor Franklin, for negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations, selected Mr. Jefferson, who accordingly sailed from Boston July 5, and arrived in Paris August 6. Doctor Franklin was already there, and Mr. Adams having, soon after, joined them, they entered upon the duties of their mission. They were not very successful, however, in forming the desired commercial treaties, and, after some reflection and experience, it was thought better not to urge them too strongly, but to leave such regulations to flow voluntarily from the amicable dispositions and the evident interests of the several nations. In June, 1785, Mr. Adams repaired to London, on being appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of St. James, and, in July, Doctor Franklin returned to America, and Mr. Jefferson was named his successor at Paris. In the February of 1786, he received a pressing letter from Mr. Adams, requesting him to proceed to London immediately, as symptoms of a better disposition towards America were beginning to appear in the British cabinet, than had been manifested since the treaty of peace. On this account, he left Paris in the following March, and, on his arrival in London, agreed with Mr. Adams on a very summary form of treaty, proposing "an exchange of citizenship for our citizens, our ships, and our productions generally, except as to office." At the usual presentation, however, to the king and queen, both Mr. Adams and himself were received in the most ungracious manner, and, after a few vague and ineffectual conferences, he returned to Paris. Here he remained, with the exception of a visit to Holland, to Piedmont and the south of France, until the autumn of 1789, zealously pursuing whatever was beneficial to his country. September 26 of that year, he left Paris for Havre, and, crossing over to Cowes, embarked for the U. States. November 23, he landed at Norfolk, Va., and, whilst on his way home, received a letter from president Washington, covering the appointment of secretary of state, under the new constitution, which was just commencing its operation. He soon afterwards received a second letter from the same quarter, giving him the option of returning to France, in his ministerial capacity, or of accepting the secretaryship, but conveying a strong intimation of desire that he would choose the latter office. This communication was produced by a letter from Mr. Jefferson to the president, in reply to the one first written, in which he had expressed a decided inclination to go back to the French metropolis. He then, however, consented to forego his preference, and, March 21, arrived in New York, where congress was in session, and immediately entered upon the duties of his post. It would be altogether inconsistent with our limits to give a minute account of the rest of Mr. Jefferson's political life. This could not

be done without writing the history of the U. States for a certain period. We must, therefore, content ourselves with stating that he continued to fill the secretaryship of state, until the 31st of December, 1793, when he resigned. From that period until February, 1797, he lived in retirement. In this year he was elected vice-president of the U. States, and, in 1801, was chosen president, by a majority of one vote over his competitor, Mr. Adams. At the expiration of eight years, he again retired to private life, from which he never afterwards emerged. The rest of his life was passed at Monticello, which was a continued scene of the blandest and most liberal hospitality. Such, indeed, was the extent to which calls upon it were made, by foreigners as well as Americans, that the closing year of his life was imbittered by distressing pecuniary embarrassments. He was forced to ask permission of the Virginia legislature to sell his estate by lottery, which was granted. Shortly after Mr. Jefferson's return to Monticello, it having been proposed to form a college in his neighborhood, he addressed a letter to the trustees, in which he sketched a plan for the establishment of a general system of education in Virginia. This appears to have led the way to an act of the legislature, in the year 1818, by which commissioners were appointed with authority to select a site and form a plan for a university, on a large scale. Of these commissioners, Mr. Jefferson was unanimously chosen the chairman, and, Aug. 4, 1818, he framed a report, embracing the principles on which it was proposed the institution should be formed. The situation selected for it was at Charlottesville, a town at the foot of the mountain on which Mr. Jefferson resided. He lived to see the university—the child of his old age—in prosperous operation, and giving promise of extensive usefulness. He fulfilled the duties of its rector until a short period before his death, which occurred on the 4th of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of independence, and within the hour in which he had signed it.—In person, Mr. Jefferson was tall and well formed; his countenance was bland and expressive; his conversation fluent, imaginative, various and eloquent. Few men equalled him in the faculty of pleasing in personal intercourse, and acquiring ascendancy in political connexion. He was the acknowledged head of the republican party, from the period of its organization down to that of his retirement from public life. The unbounded praise and blame which he received as a politician, must be left for the judgment of the historian and posterity. In the four volumes of his posthumous works, edited by his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, there are abundant materials to guide the literary or historical critic in forming an estimate of his powers, acquisitions, feelings and opinions. His name is one of the brightest in the revolutionary galaxy. Mr. Jefferson was a zealous cultivator of literature and science. As early as 1781, he was favourably known as an author, by his *Notes on Virginia*. He published, also, various essays on political and philosophical subjects, and a *Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, for the use of the Senate of the U. States. In the year 1800,

the French national institute chose him one of their members. The volumes of posthumous works, in addition to an auto-biography of the author to the year 1790, consist principally of letters from the year 1775 to the time of his death, and embrace a great variety of subjects.

#### For the Casket.

The following feelings and reflections, excited by an uncommonly beautiful summer evening, are with diffidence submitted to the judgment of the editor. The author would never have presumed to offer it for publication, but several of his friends, who are of sober, thinking minds, and lovers of the quiet, simple scenes of nature, think there are many of your numerous subscribers of like minds and feelings, who will read it with interest.

#### SUMMER EVENING.

Be it my theme to sing mild evening's scene,  
The soft'ning beauties of a summers' day,  
When lengthning shadows stretch across the green,  
And broken clouds imbibe the solar ray;  
O! could my feeble muse the scene portray,  
Catch all its touching beauties as they rise,  
Impress each glowing colour ere decay,  
Snatch all their radiance from my gazing eyes,  
And in one undistinguished shade, onwrap the skies.

From western skies the horizontal sun,  
Throws o'er the hills his last bright blaze of light;  
The forest's smile around, and one by one,  
Resign their gleam to the dull shades of night;  
While scattered clouds, till now, a snowy white,  
Catch the warm tints of Sol's refracted ray,  
Their crimson hues attract our ravished sight—  
We gaze, astonished at this grand display  
Of mingled light and shade, which mock the boldest lay.

See far south-west, yon glittering pile of clouds,  
Like shining mountains lift their heads on high,  
Whose humid bosom deep and dark, enshrouds  
Soft evening lightnings to illumine the sky;  
Whose mild broad glare, gives pleasure to that eye  
Which loves to watch in twilight's deep'ning gloom,  
The ragged clouds, and mark successively  
Each separate gleam the various folds illumine,  
While all their abrupt points rich different tints assume.

Presiding Genii, o'er this quiet hour,  
O! guide my foot-steps to some calm retreat,  
Where nature's hand has wildly dressed the bower,  
And formed with nicest care, the mossy seat—  
Near to a running stream, whose murmurings sweet,  
Just reach the ear with intermitting sound,  
Where social caty-dids' their comrades greet—  
There let me sit in musing thought profound,  
And mark the solemn stole of night, slow closing round.—

Or, unincumbered with oppressive thought,  
Turn loose the heart to feel its lonely way:  
Its warmest interests often comes unsought,  
When general native feelings bear the sway—  
Released from all the anxious cares of day,  
The heart luxuriates in the quiet eve,  
For nature's scenes and peaceful sounds, convey  
More perfect bliss than costly joys can give,  
Or the loud laugh of those who in wild riot live.

Hail potent fancy! thy creative ear  
Can hear sweet music in the passing breeze:  
Melodious strains float on the evening air,  
How sweet, how slow, with what harmonious ease

The lengthened cadence dies among the trees—  
Then in a lower, and softer key, resumes  
The distant strain, with ampler power to please,  
Till fancy's full excited power assumes  
Ascendancy o'er the heart, dispelling all its glooms.

No village murmurs reach my lonely seat,  
No "gabbling geese" my tortured ears assail,  
No sportive children seek this lone retreat,  
Yet active life and joyous sounds prevail;  
For here the crowds of happy insects hail  
The mild, the soft impressive evening hour,  
The cow-bell's rural sound winds up the vale,  
Mellowed by distance, to my silvan bower,  
While thousand nameless notes, soft mingling round  
me pour.

Hark! the dull screech-owl sings his drowsy note.  
And bats, scarce seen, in giddy circles fly,  
All objects fade, save yonder orbs remote,  
Whose kindling lustres catch the gazing eye—  
Thousands on thousands glittering in the sky,  
The sober mind to serious thoughts excite,  
While meditation's favourite hour draws nigh,  
Wrapt in the awful deep'ning gloom of night,  
For here no rising moon throws round her silver light.

Let contemplation spread her eagle wings,  
And try her strength through yonder blue profound,  
Trace the just order of created things,  
Harmonious moving through the mighty round  
Of endless space to great creations bound;  
Here musing, pause upon the awful brink,  
Conceive thy arduous labours amply crowned;  
Yes, pause one moment, and reflecting, think,  
And thou wilt find thyself still on the central link.

There's no proportions in infinity,  
A finite principal can never scan,  
Then let me turn the contemplative eye  
To the great author of his wondrous plan;  
But sinking ere the lofty theme's begun,  
My feeble muse abruptly makes an end,  
And pausing, mourns the impotence of man,  
Whose mind in wise humility may bend,  
But all her boasted powers can never comprehend.

A. D.

#### LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"Farewell, farewell, I halt'ring cried,  
When I return thou'lt be my bride,  
'Till then be faithful;—sweet adieu,  
In absence oft I'll think of you."  
'The glist'ning tears stained her bright eyes,  
Her thick'ning breath is choked with sighs  
Her tongue denies her bosom's sway,  
'Farewell!—I tore myself away.

"One moment stay, the stammered out,  
And quick as thought I wheeled about;  
'My angel, speak? can ought be done,  
To comfort thee when I am gone?  
I'll send thee specimens of art,  
From every European mart;  
I'll sketch for thee each Alpine scene,  
To let thee see where I have been—  
A stone from Simpson's dreadful height,  
Shall gratify thy curious sight—  
I'll climb the fiery Etna's side,  
To bring home treasures for my bride,  
And oh, my life, each ship shall bear,  
A double letter to my fair."

"Ah George," the weeping angel said,  
And on my shoulder fell her head,  
"For constancy my tears are hostage,  
But when you write, pray pay the postage." X.

From the Saturday Evening Post.  
**DRAMAS OF THE WEST.**

**Cyrus Lindslay and Ella Moore.**

"When we now (1838) consider the horror of women and children, in conceiving such an enemy (Indians) always about them in the pathless wilderness, it astonishes us, that settlers could ever have been found, who would put their lives in their hands, and march so far away from their native country and home, to encounter these dangers. We are surprised, that they could cheerfully meet the labors of cultivation and the field, constantly surrounded by these dangers; and still more, that they would expose themselves to the greatest dangers of hunting, under such circumstances. But notwithstanding all these difficulties and dangers, in number and magnitude not to be described, the population of Kentucky was constantly increasing."—*Flint's Geography and History of the Western States.*

With one exception, what posed Mr. Flint in retrospect, as greatly poses me, who was an eye witness to the mysterious effect of the spirit of emigration to the West in the face of death in his most appalling forms. But long since have I ceased to wonder that women were found to face such horrors! as I have lived long enough and seen sufficient evidence to prove, that wheresoever, fathers, sons, brothers, and husbands, will go, daughters, mothers, sisters, and wives will go, and go cheerfully.—Not to speak of another connexion, which if possible, sublimates the soul of a virtuous woman, above even the feelings of a wedded wife—but are they not wedded in the highest sense of the term? \* \* \*

This entire self devotion of women to those to whom they are connected by blood, or still stronger ties, is neither the exclusive virtue of the cabin nor the palace, nor is its exertion found alone in the middle rank; it belongs to human nature, and consoles us in misfortune, in sickness, wounds and death, as it sweetens prosperity, and sheds a brighter sunshine over our days of joy and gladness.

Amongst those who floated down the great western current, very few were wealthy, but many were they, who had seen better days and were wafted to the wilderness, by the storms and tempests of life. Many were females, reared in the very lap of ease, and whose bright and buoyant minds, long thought only of such days to come in future as they had seen in the past.

Of all the early parents of the now populous Kentucky, of either sex, there were few if any more remarkable than was Ella Moore. In Ella was combined beyond any other woman with whom I was ever acquainted, the masculine and feminine in feeling. She seemed to neglect the graces of a polished woman, and yet, was eminently graceful in every act; she seemed to speak from impulse without reflection, yet never spoke what herself or others could wish unsaid. In her manners there was a careless veil, but it was a veil only to the common crowd; to those who knew her intimately and were capable of appreciating her true character, she was regarded as possessing deep reflection in an eminent degree. This was shown at an early age, in her keen insight of the true character of those presented to her notice. Though never known to speak with asperity or even, with se-

verity of any one in their absence, her resentments were as deep, intense, and durable as her attachments. The one course of feeling led, however, to un wearied and unshrinking acts of kindness and love under every change of fortune; the other led only to coldness—revenge, even by a whisper was too far below her nature to be even for a moment thought of. This exalted woman was an only child, of wealthy parents in the city of ——. Her father a merchant for a long series of years regarded as amongst the most prosperous of his class. Engaged in very extensive concerns with the mother country, the colonial disputes involved him with many more in ruin, and in 1775, the once rich and honoured Henry Moore was a bankrupt and a widower. With no stain upon his integrity, but the reverse, and though an Englishman, an ardent advocate of the colonial cause! yet Henry Moore, who thought he saw, perhaps he was not deceived, the frown of public scorn on him, found most powerful support, from the person who of all others in ordinary cases, who would have most contributed to aggravate his misfortunes; that person was his daughter. But we must go back in time, and retrace other events.

Henry Moore was a branch of an aristocratic family, in whose views the pursuits by which every society must be supported, were dishonorable, and considered commerce amongst the degrading pursuits. In these *high or low* notions as different minds place them, Henry Moore might have passed uselessly through life, if his fortunes had not been diverted from their course. With a natural disposition in which slept the latent fire which only demanded some violent blow to strike into a flame—at a fashionable watering place, like every other person of sense, in like condition, sauntering about with contempt in his heart for the very pleasures in which he participated, he was on a certain day leaning against a pillar, which formed a part of the front of a Hotel, and enjoying one of the few rational amusements the place afforded; that was, gazing on the ocean, spreading like an eternity before him. Several pleasure boats were skimming along shore, when a sudden flaw of wind threw one of these light barks on her beam ends, and precipitated the persons on board into the deep. This incident was one of those which always restore such minds as that of Henry Moore to full energy. His hat, shoes, and upper garments, with a very valuable watch, were in an instant thrown on the pavement and the intrepid young man in the waves. In a few moments he was again on shore with the only person rescued from the wreck. That person turned out to be the only daughter of a rich London merchant, and by a very natural consequence, Henry Moore as soon as he discovered the intrinsic value of his prize considered himself at liberty to claim its possession. So thought not his family, but as it is probable, not one amongst them ever suspected the true cost of his character, they threw oil on the flame, which was blown to a conflagration by the father of the young lady. This true Englishman, returned with compound interest, the contempt of the aristocracy for his mercantile profession, and when Henry Moore made proposals for his

daughter, received them with the following blunt address.

"Young gentleman, we live in a country with two codes of laws, one for the nation and the other for the nobility, as you choose to entitle yourself. My daughter is of too good a family to be made an object of neglect. She is a true born Englishwoman, with neither spot nor blemish on her or her blood kindred—don't interrupt me. You may think yourself an object of great consequence, but you are only one, and cannot if you would, protect my child against the whole of your clan. My consent therefore, depends on one condition, and one only, and remember, that my child will not, even to be your wife, desert her father—either come into my family or never again speak on the subject."

The Moore family had conducted their side of the affair in such a manner as to fully prepare the way for a total breach between them and Henry, and it is probable, if they had succeeded in separating him from the object of his choice, the breach between him and his family would have been still irreparable. Suffice it to say, that Henry and Mrs. Moore, with their father was in a few days in London, and in a few years, Henry took place in the counting house, so long and so honorably filled by his wife's father.

Time who tames the most restive of our feelings, if he does not soften our hearts, brought reflection to Henry Moore, and on several occasions, he found that his own embittered relations, if they were determined to show him no favor, they were as inveterately determined to do him injury, when chance put it in their power, which happened more than once. These, with political reasons induced him to transfer his family and business to the colonies, whose cause he espoused with all the energy and rectitude of his nature. His wife, long declining, survived her removal little more than a year, and Henry Moore in his adopted country had, when the storm burst in 1775, of all that shared his blood or family affinity, only his energetic daughter Ella. It need hardly be said that the education and early habits of Henry Moore, were the opposite of such as fitted him for the pursuit which fortune threw him into, and that such a change demanded a corresponding moral change; a demand very seldom complied with. Moore had also a generosity of feeling, which when indulged, is the rock of ruin to the merchant. He became security for a villain, who realized as much money as he could secure, sailed to Europe and left Henry Moore a bankrupt.

Ella Moore was one of those human beings, who in an intellectual point of view, have no infancy. From twelve years of age, she was her father's house keeper and domestic adviser. Now in her seventeenth year, Ella saw that grief was preying on the heart of her only parent. She redoubled her care and attention, but intruded not into what she, however, suspected. But the cloud became deep, and Henry Moore sat down one evening to his tea in a state of utter depression. Ella saw at length the tear falling down his wan visage, and what child can withstand the tear of a parent! She threw her arms round his neck and sobbed, "My dear Father I know all."

"That we are ruined"—burst from the heaving heart of the father.

Ella released her embrace and stepping back, assumed that commanding and inspiring attitude and look which distinguished her through life.

"Ruined, no my father, we are not ruined, nor can we be ruined, whilst we can set the world at defiance. Your character no one can or dare touch. Let the world have all it can take from us. Our peace of mind, our integrity, and our power of laboring for our support, are goods which God and ourselves can preserve."

Moore eyed his daughter for a moment, feeling the whole energy of his powerful mind again called into action. "Sit down Ella and fill up my cup of tea, my cup of joy you have filled—a fortune is well paid away to have such a child in its place."

A frown of regret was never again seen to cloud the brow of Henry Moore at the remembrance of loss of fortune. The next morning after the scene we have described, he was engaged in the arrangements of his own bankruptcy, and Ella in her domestic preparations; it having been resolved upon between the father and daughter to go to the "*back woods*," as "*the west*" was then quaintly called, with all they could save after every debt was paid.

Some months before the bankruptcy of Moore, a man in all the uncouth dress of a hunter, but with a fine countenance beaming health, entered his store. In the stranger, there was a strong contrast of appearance and language. The dress bespoke a man of the forest, but the conversation, the man of education, keen observation, and acquaintance with men and manners in all their extremes.

"Is this the store of Mr. Henry Moore?" demanded the stranger.

"My name is Henry Moore," replied the owner, handing a chair.

"And mine," said the stranger, seating himself, "is Cyrus Lindslay. I am here a stranger, and without money or acquaintance."

Most men, in Moore's place, would have asked "what brought you here, where you have no acquaintance, and moneyless"—but Moore merely smiled, and awaited explanation, whilst his visitor drew from his shot-pouch a large bundle, enveloped in dressed deer skin, and while opening it, continued—"I am here as I have truly told you; here are some Virginia land warrants, the titles are good, though the land is distant; it is in Kentucky."

"In Kentucky," interrupted Moore, repressing an open laugh with difficulty.

"Yes," replied the stranger smiling, "and not in the Moon," I have been on the land, examined and surveyed it."

Moore, like almost every other human being of the time who dwelt on the sea board, indulged an unrestrained curiosity to hear from the vast unknown regions beyond the mountains, no sooner heard the stranger say he had actually been in Kentucky, than he interrupted him at once by saying "well! well! never mind saying any more now about the titles, I hear the dinner bell; come and dine with me and my daughter, and tell us something about Kentucky."

With perfect self-possession, Lindsay put up his papers, and with the tact of a real gentleman entered the splendid dining room with unpretending confidence, in the full dress of the woods.

If all the philosophers of all the schools, were to write each a volume to prove the contrary, the whole together would never beat it out of my head, but what there are attractions between young men and younger women, that draw those of congenial minds with a force beyond their power to controul. At the first glance on the stranger, Ella was surprised, but she belonged to a class who only laugh at the ridiculous, and only scorn the vicious, she therefore received the introduction with all her dignified politeness, and well was she rewarded, even at the first interview. The stranger warmed by the manner of his hosts, entered on a full, flowing and entrancing account of the unheard of rivers, and mountains he had passed, and in the current of his narration named Boone.

"Boone," interrupted father and daughter, "we have heard of that man."

"And in him you have heard of a man" replied Lindsay, "who is never alone. For reasons I shall not now repeat, I, when only twenty years of age shouldered my rifle and crossed the mountains into that wide wilderness. I had heard that Boone and Findlay had lived alone amid the wilds and I resolved to follow their example. For many months I saw no human face. Meat alone was my food, and I found that with health, man might live alone, but a raging and consuming fever taught me at length the penalty of being alone. Tortured with a consuming thirst, but extremely weak, I sat me down under the shade of a tree on the verge of a very high rocky precipice with a river flowing at its base. Worlds would I have given for a cup full of the water I saw flowing almost under my feet. Delirium followed, and when my senses returned, I felt a delicious coolness, and as my eyes opened, I found myself lying by a cool fountain and a man dressed pretty much as I am now, sitting beside me. I was truly surprised, but he was not, and as he saw me rousing from what had been a refreshing sleep, he observed, "young man I have been following your track for two days. I knew by the signs you left, that you were a white man. My name is Daniel Boone; from whence have you come."

I then satisfied his inquiry, and he continued, "come with me;" but it was with his powerful support, I could accept the invitation, but what was my astonishment to find myself in a short time and distance in a camp of civilized men. My strength rapidly improved and in a few days I was able to take my share in hunting and surveying, and by such means have become a land owner in Kentucky. Our business is now to find settlers, and men to fight Indians. With these views I have returned to this side of the mountains, but my business here was in pursuit of a man who absconded deep in debt to my father. This knave I learned this very day has taken passage to England, and here am I without a penny and where deer and buffaloes are rather scarce. "Not much more so than genuine honesty," rather bitterly replied Henry Moore, but resuming his gaiety and turning to Lindsay, observed, half laughing

"come, let us have a look at some of your Kentucky land deeds, who knows Ella, but your husband, if you ever find one may not wish to become the head of a colony?" This speech brought a brighter glow into the cheeks, which Lindsay scanned with his hunter's eye, as he spread the maps, and warrants, on the table.

"That fine curving bend and high commanding bank is my choice," said Moore, preserving his high spirits in appearance at least, what is your charge for that whole tract?"

"I should suppose it is worth—worth," and for the first time in a hesitating manner, at last brought out "fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars!" almost vociferated Moore, "why man you are crazy surely."

Lindsay, a little abashed and misunderstanding the drift of his host, replied "very well perhaps I have set too high a price."

"I hope, Mr. Lindsay, that you understand hunting better than selling land—now if you will make me a deed of that very land, I will pay you in hard money fifty sterling pounds."

Lindsay with all his self-possession was fairly astonished, and sat looking first at father and then daughter, without being able to bring out a single word. But the noble minded Moore who sat in the full and deserved enjoyment of a generous action, soon relieved the hunter, by observing,

"You have told me Mr. Lindsay, that you have no acquaintance here, then you will do me the favour to accept a room in my house and a seat at my table until we can see matters arranged."

This invitation was accepted with cordiality on both sides, and Cyrus Lindsay, the Kentucky surveyor and hunter became an inmate in the elegant mansion of Henry Moore. The afternoon, (even persons of quality then dined in the afternoon) was spent in hearing of buffaloes, and bears, wild deer in thousands, wild turkeys in millions, and Indians, far too many, in hundreds. Never had Ella Moore been so entranced with history, novel or epic; indeed she now heard all those blended, and new regions of the earth spreading wide and far on her really vivid fancy. Her soul seemed as if disembodied, and transported to another life; she felt her heart mingling in new and exciting scenes; her sympathies caught new inspiration and shared danger, braved death, and fell or triumphed with beings of whose very existence, only a few hours before she could have had no conception. Did she not in reality soar for a moment into futurity, and gain a glance of her future destiny?

Henry Moore made the purchase and paid the price, but his guest seemed to have got over any excessive hurry in his return to Kentucky, and his entertainers gave no symptom of being weary of his society. The weather, political rumour, and other subjects of excuse were, however, nearly exhausted, when on Sunday evening after returning from church, Lindsay with unaffected gravity observed, "to-morrow morning I set out for Kentucky." Ella was rising to quit the room when a knocking at the door was heard, and in an instant a new actor appeared on the scene.

If there is any thing beyond the utmost depth of philosophy to account for, it is the human heart,

and of individual hearts to render the problem more intricate, it is the most gifted and most powerful minds who enact the most glaring inconsistencies.

Deming Rostraven, the young man who now entered the parlor of Henry Moore, and was introduced to Cyrus Lindsay, was a man no one could see and forget; his form was larger and taller than common, and in structure was a model of ease and grace; his high and retiring forehead and deep sunken, but dark and keen eye gave him something of repulsive, which his ease of manner and cultivated politeness could not remove. His name for the first time since his arrival at the Moore mansion threw a gloom approaching to a scowl upon the face of Lindsay; and his presence taught Ella Moore, that she was wretched.

Deming Rostraven was a distant relation, and for some months the affianced husband of Ella Moore. Being compelled to go on a journey of business to Boston, and from thence found it necessary to sail to England. Letters had informed Moore and his daughter of these movements, but the vessel in which Rostraven sailed was forced back to New York, by stress of weather, and there, the political aspect of the time caused him to abandon his intended voyage, and setting out by land, arrived very unexpectedly to all, and by a strange change or rather development of feeling, a very unwelcome visitor to his betrothed wife.

Ella Moore was one of those strong minded persons who deceive themselves, in thinking that intense passion is not only necessary to their happiness, but incompatible with their character. Many such pass through life undecieved in this matter, but fearful of the discovery when made too late, that with the strength rises the extent of feeling. There was with an imposing exterior, a negation of character in Deming Rostraven; on the contrary with an exterior, little if any, less attractive, the qualities of Cyrus Lindsay, were active, daring, yet circumspect. Rostraven represented the many and Lindsay the few, and if the latter had not appeared to her presence, Ella Moore, would probably have become Ella Rostraven, without either much joy or sorrow—he had been the chosen of her father and again filial affection aided his cause. But a rapid and durable change was preparing for all parties.

Rostraven and Ella met, as too many in their relative situations meet. He gave to herself the common place account of the cause of his return, did not remain long, but rose to take leave as his expected father-in-law followed him to the door, calling out "Deming, we expect you to breakfast to-morrow morning!"—"very well," replied Deming as his footsteps died away on the pavement. That moment decided the fate of all parties, as Lindsay whispered to Ella with intense energy, "I must speak with you this night;" "in this parlor at twelve!"—"replied Ella," as her father re-entered laughing and observing "Deming is too good a whig to leave his country at this time. Neither his daughter or guest made any reply, but most likely both would have been just as well pleased if he had sailed to England as had many other loyal subjects of George III.

At the appointed hour when all was silent around them, Lindsay and Ella found themselves together. With all her self-command and purity of intention, Ella felt that something was wrong in the step she had taken, but an irresistible and invincible power seemed to impel her forward and to sustain her in the trial. The intrepid hunter was not himself free from a hesitation he had never experienced before, but the hour of his inevitable departure pressed, and approaching the now trembling Ella, and seizing her hand as he seated himself beside her, observed very solemnly,

"Ella Moore most sincerely do I thank you for this proof of confidence. If I had not felt the absolute necessity to the future happiness of my life—never would I have dared to request such a meeting or to put the question," and he hesitated; "are you really engaged to the man whom I saw here this evening?"—"I am," replied Ella in agitation.

"As to any misery it has or may inflict on me, that is nothing, but on your account dear Ella!"—

"Why on my account? demanded Ella, with some surprise, and with rallied spirits.

"Because," answered Lindsay, "you never were made for each other. I shall not say, but that with such a man you may not be wretched; yes, you may vegetate as thousands do, but I mistake your character most egregiously, if with such a man you can ever be happy."

"And I mistake your character also Mr. Lindsay," rejoined Ella, "if you would not advise misery in preference to violated faith."

"My advice either way," replied Lindsay, is neither given nor shall be given, it is what I have no right to do:—but Ella Moore, if the engagement was now to be made with Deming Rostraven, would you?"—

Both remained long silent, whilst Ella, leaning her left hand on her forehead, was lost in a conflict of contending reflections, at length as if awaking from a dream, she replied, "no not for worlds."

"Oh! Ella, dare I ask another question, if this engagement should by any means be broken?"—

The very idea of a release was too much for the presence of mind of even Ella Moore, and with a smile her secret was revealed.

Mountains seemed to be raised from the head and heart, not of one but both, so seductive is hope—

Next morning as Deming Rostraven entered the breakfast room, he even started back in astonishment at seeing Lindsay in the full garb of the hunter. It was a phenomenon to the cit, he was unprepared for; and strong indeed was the contrast between the two; one in the full dress of European fashion, and the other, in his own way, as fully equipped. It never once entered the head of Deming, that such a savage could be his rival in the affections of the city bred and accomplished Ella Moore; and each of the party indulging their own reflections, completed their breakfast, and Cyrus Lindsay, shouldering his rifle, turned his footsteps towards the setting sun.

"If that young man was dressed like a christian," said Deming to Moore and his daughter,

as Cyrus left the house," I declare he would not look so shocking—he would appear more like a man."

"Then in your opinion," observed Ella, "it is dress that makes men and christians—high compliment to tailors and barbers." And she left the room with a something in her manner which gave a sting to her betrothed, his sagacity could not account for, but his self complacency came to his aid and all was soon at ease in his heart. But even Deming Rostraven, had his trials to encounter. Every breast is exposed in some way or other, and vanity was the weak point of Deming, and in that quarter he received some severe wounds. The happy day was put off under various pretences, and even the father of Ella seemed to become less anxious for the connexion; but that was attributed to, in some respects to the true source, perplexities of business; and to which was daily added with accumulating force, the political difficulties of the times.

The patience of even the half in love, Rostraven, like all things human, was waxing to its term, and the great day pressed and still prolonged from very opposite motives in the parties. The very evening before the open declaration of the bankruptcy of Henry Moore, and whilst, as many declared afterwards, they knew it was one of the certain coming events, Deming visited his intended, whom he met with his own even blooming smile, but on her side a solemnity, even a sadness of manner, which would have greatly damped if not pained a heart of real affection; and struck up a light in a head of a little more penetration. But coldness and darkness have their benefits, such as they are.

Ella was seated on her usual evening seat, and was, contemplating a most splendid setting sun, with an air of thoughtfulness, and of anxiety as if she was seeking to allay earthly care by soaring in thought to higher regions. Such consoling and exalting reflections were broken by a repetition of those expressions from her intended, which like all other set forms are repeated on all necessary occasions, by all the extremes from devoted sincerity to the most deeply concealed hypocrisy. Ella heard rather than listened to the effort of memory, whilst her mind was perhaps following the western sun, and the steps of some other than Deming Rostraven. At length, after a hundred dry responses of yes, or no, or a mere inclination of the head, and with all her equanimity, a little ruffled by being distracted from a train of most pleasing thought, by the proposal of all others, which she most dreaded and loathed to hear, turned round and fixing her eyes with all their power upon Rostraven, observed.

"Deming Rostraven, as matters seem now to admit but little more delay"—and she paused some time, and then proceeded, "this day two weeks"—

At the joyful sounds, Rostraven in transport was ready to clasp her to his bosom, but his raptures were allayed by a look and wave of her hand, as she continued in a still more impressive tone—

"Mr. Rostraven, you think me rich."

"Oh my Ella," exclaimed the betrothed "who with you can think"—"of wealth" interrupted Ella, "few men in your situation, think of much

else before, or talk of much else after marriage; but oh! grant me now one favour Deming Rostraven."

"Any thing in my power to grant," replied the devoted lover.

"Perfectly in your power," subjoined Ella with a look which would have cooled a real lover to zero. "It is only to leave me alone."

With the most prodigal profusion of expressions of devoted attachment that his death alone could obliterate, Deming Rostraven was measuring his steps from the house, and Ella was left alone, or far more correctly, she now entered the assembly of beings fancy created, and whispering hope in her heart.

The reader will remember the annunciation of his ruin to his daughter, and his heart-felt compliment, when he said, "Sit down Ella, and fill up my cup of tea; my cup of happiness you have already filled—A fortune is well paid away to have such a child in its place."

From the unwelcome presence of Rostraven, Ella had been but a short time relieved, when the always cheering sounds of her father's footsteps roused her to action. The elegant table and smile awaited him, and the eventful explanation followed.

The father and daughter sat for some time silently sipping their tea when Ella at length broke silence—"Deming Rostraven"—

"Has been here this evening," interrupted the father.

"Yes, he has been here—and this day two weeks," replied Ella, very composedly.

"My God," emphatically as he dropped his cup, exclaimed Henry Moore, "what circumstances for the espousals of my child."

"Be comforted my father, and best friend," rejoined Ella, "those espousals can never take place."

"Why Ella, my child, do not let any considerations for me, permit you to break"—

"My plighted faith," interrupted Ella, with one of her looks, which even her father felt—"If I have read Deming Rostraven rightly, you and I will both be saved from any breach of faith."

These words, and their manner struck so forcibly on the heart and head of Henry Moore, that involved in profound reflection on the past and present, on the character of the man he so long desired to make his son, and on the almost sublime character of his daughter, that his lips were sealed.

Ella, absorbed also in her own reflections, and on her release, for with all her strength of mind, Ella was but a woman at last; and reader, I must really whisper my suspicions, that though his name is not mentioned, Cyrus Lindslay, some how or other, contributed his share to fortify her mind at her change of fortune, and to reconcile her to cross "*the mountains Blue*." As to Deming Rostraven, on the very morning which proclaimed Henry Moore a Bankrupt, he received letters demanding his presence in New York, and of so pressing a nature as not to leave him one moment to even pen a tender adieu to his Ella. She saw him no more.

This desertion was soon known, and carefully added to the story of Henry Moore and his daughter.

ter. To Ella it was communicated by several of those friends who never fail in the hour of misfortune, and was treated by the disconsolate lady in such a manner as to convince the kind creatures that their labour was lost, and so they desisted.

"He's not at all to be blamed," said the many. "He is what we always thought him, a mean spirited wretch," said the few. The person who in the common course of things in this world, ought to have been most concerned, said nothing, and thought little about the recreant. The father and daughter with hearts and minds, which only a few admired, for few were they who could appreciate their conduct, arranged their affairs, paid their debts to the last penny, and one fine sunny morning left the town of—, and in a few weeks were no more thought of in the town of—.

Boonesboro', a fine little village on the southern side of Kentucky river, and on the northern border of Madison county, and twenty miles south-east of Lexington, stands now near the centre of the most densely inhabited, most highly cultivated, and most highly civilized section of Kentucky, was founded in the spring and summer of 1775 by Daniel Boone, and a small party from Holston river. The extraordinary man, who was the father of Kentucky, was a native of Maryland, but in early life removed by his parents into Virginia, and thence into North Carolina. In 1769, this still very young man was in the wilds of Kentucky, with a man of the name of Finley. After a residence of three years, sometimes accompanied by one of his brothers, but often alone, visiting his family in North Carolina, in the autumn of 1773, Boone entered Kentucky with his family, and a small colony, in all about fifty persons. This little band was attacked by the Indians, on the 10th of October, and the first settlement of Kentucky delayed about 18 months. In the eventful 1775, the wife and daughter of Boone were the two first white women who inhabited Kentucky, now blooming in beauty.

There is a something indescribable in the romantic characters of such men as Boone, and with more of education and polish, Cyrus Lindslay was of similar cast. Generous, open, manly, brave and humane, Lindslay joined Boone in 1773 and innumerable were the instances in which without other companions, those two men sought the forest. With equal keenness of eye the Indian trail was plain to them as the beaten road. With a precision which very seldom failed, the direction of their march and the number of their enemies, were known to Boone and Lindslay, at a moment's examination.

"*Dark and Bloody Ground*," was indeed Kentucky in her early days. Every man was compelled to be a warrior and every house was made a fortress. Many of the present flourishing villages scattered over Kentucky, attest the location, and perpetuate the names of the patriots of this beautiful state. Boonesboro', and Harrodsburg carry us back to 1775.

It was drawing towards evening, of a rather heavy day, late in the fall of 1775, that Daniel Boone and Cyrus Lindslay, were treading the tangled woods, whose to tread on a dry stick or

came was avoided. Indian signs had been seen, and these two weary spies, had traversed the forest to examine the trail, and circumvent the enemy. They were on the elevated ground from which issues the sources of Rookcastle branch of Cumberland river, the higher sources of Dick's river, and those of some branches of Kentucky river. Along this section extended the path by which most of the whites entered central Kentucky at that time. The two spies rose a hill, and reaching the wood examined carefully whether any recent marks had been made. It was sometime before either, with all their tact, could observe that any person or horse had passed for many days, but, at length, they both started as if roused by some important discovery, and in complete silence, but intense scrutiny of every weed, they slowly went to some distance; when Boone stopped and whispered, "these marks are not made by an Indian, but by some person, I think a girl flying in great haste." Both, without further parley, took the track at their utmost speed, and had not proceeded more than two or three miles, until they saw before them the object of their pursuit. That object was as Boone surmised, a female almost exhausted, and crawling rather than walking. In order to alarm her, but as little as possible, Boone made a slight noise by striking his rifle with his knife. At the sound she turned round in great terror, but Boone in a voice which calmed her fears, called out to her, "Why my girl, we are white men." At the welcome sound she sunk to the ground utterly exhausted. The two humane spies gave her every aid and comfort in their power, but it was considerably advanced in the night before she was sufficiently restored to be able to account for being alone in the wilderness of Kentucky; but when she was restored they found her to be a remarkably intelligent girl of about fourteen years of age, and from her they learned, that she was with her parents and several others, some families and some single men, removing to Kentucky; that their place of destination was Boone's station. The men, she said, were well armed with guns, but that they were always making a noise, and that a woman of the party was always telling them that they ought not to do so, as Indians might be in the woods, but that the men said there was no danger. So they travelled on until the evening before, when the party encamped for the night near a creek. The strange woman, she said, had always before got some of the men to sit up and watch, but this time she failed, as a quarrel arose amongst the men, who should watch, which ended by no one of the men doing so, but that the woman did watch.\* The girl stated further, that, after the party had stopped, she accidentally noticed a large hollow tree, a little distance down the creek, from the encampment, but with the rest of her family had lain down and fallen asleep, from which she was awakened by the

\* The tragical event interwoven in our tale, is here but very slightly changed from fact, as to either place or incident, and was far from a solitary instance of similar infatuation. The girl who escaped in the manner we have related, became a married woman and the mother of a large family in Kentucky.

most terrible shouts she ever heard, and the screams of the white people and shots. She said she had lain down in her clothes, and supposed the Indians had not noticed her, as she ran and crouched into the hollow tree.

From her place of safety to herself, the terrified girl beheld the destruction, and heard the death cries, as she thought of both her parents, brothers and sisters, with many more, and behold also several others bound and led captive. After the Indians had completed their work of destruction, satisfied their hunger, and collected the horses, they departed with the booty and prisoners. Several times whilst driving up the horses, the girl said, "The ugly *Agens* came so near the tree, I was afraid to breathe for fear they would hear me."

Thus alone in the wilds of Kentucky, in circumstances, under which man might be excused for losing his presence of mind, this intelligent female child reflected that as she had heard her parents and others say, that in two days more they would be able to reach Boone's station, and knowing the many days they had travelled since leaving the settlements, she at once, as soon as day dawned, took the track to the westward, and was found as we have related.

Such men as Boone and Lindsay, have their faculties rendered more clear, and presence of mind strengthened by danger. They ascertained from the girl that the Indians had went in a northerly direction.

"The villains," said Boone, "intend to cross the Ohio about the mouth of Sciota, and we must get this child to the station, and see whether we cannot come up with them and save the prisoners."

Without farther delay, except to give the exhausted Sally, as she called herself, some short rest, they set out, supporting, or actually carrying Sally by turns. Their fatigue was lessened and objects promoted by meeting a party of ten men, some fifteen miles from the station. From this party Boone selected four, on whose active courage and endurance of fatigue, he could most depend, directing the others to return to the station and deliver Sally to his family.

As Boone and his men were shouldering their guns, and bracing their minds, to the very daring and apparently very unequal contest they were exposed to, as both Boone and Lindsay were convinced there were at least twenty warriors of the Indian party, the former very coolly observed, "My boys, I think I know exactly where the *Agens* intend to cross the Ohio, it is our business to get there before them, for two reasons. First, one man placed between them and their own country is worth two on the other side of them; and secondly, the recovery of the prisoners is much more certain." This short speech, and a "Now for it," from the mouth of the whole party, our six warrior hunters were on their way, in loose Indian file, the most silent in voice and tread of any living being of the wide waste. To the citizen who is most severely fatigued by a walk round three or four squares, or to the young country dandy who will go one mile to a field to catch a horse to ride another mile, it would be vain to say, that six men, would leave the southern end of Madison county, Kentucky, and be

on the banks of the Ohio a little below where Maysville now stands, a distance of near one hundred miles, in less than two days; but yet many are they of the west, yet living, who will regard such an effort as only one of many others as extraordinary.

Boone and Lindsay were correct in their calculations and tactics, and they not only obtained the advantage they sought, but had turned the Indian mode of watching the motions of their adversaries on themselves. This success was, however, in part owing to the Indians still regarding that part of the left side of Ohio, as their own country. A very few years afterwards, these wily children of the forest, come to consider themselves in an enemies country, at any point south of Ohio, hence their extreme vigilance, in their advance and retreat, after crossing that stream, and hence, from 1776, until the final destruction of Indian power in the valley of Ohio, by the United States' army in 1794, under General Wayne: it is yet a matter of astonishment how deeply Indian war parties could penetrate, strike their murderous blows, and retire in safety to themselves, unseen and unheard except by their victims. In 1775, their true position, and advantages and disadvantages, were not so well understood, and on more than one or two occasions, were circumvented by Boone.

On the same evening after Boone and his party left the head of Dick's river, they fell on the Indian trail, and as darkness came on, Lindsay was stationed in the rear with three of the men, while Boone with another on whom he had great confidence, advanced and succeeded to completely examine the camp, in which were found twenty warriors. Boone saw by their conduct that the Indians were in full security, and without any suspicion of an enemy hovering on their skirts, and having gained what he wished, returned and joined Lindsay and his other men. By his admirable knowledge of the country, Boone led his little troop round the Indians, and gained the Ohio before the sun of the second day had reached the "Tree Tops."

The only general order given, was, that if the Indians attempted to cross the Ohio that night, they must be attacked that night, as the prisoners were not to be, if possible, exposed to be taken over the river; but if they encamped, the attack was to be delayed until day-break next morning; and in either case, Boone himself on the right, was to fire first, and then the next man, and so in rapid succession from right to left; no one to fire without being sure of his mark, and then every man remembering he had still more than two to one to contend with, was to seize his tomahawk, rush into the camp and do his best. Thus, like crouching tigers lay these six determined men, awaiting every moment, the arrival of more than three times their number of well armed enemies. Nor had they long to wait, as just at sun-set, the Indians appeared with their wretched captives, whose last hope expired at the view of the Ohio, which appeared to them as the very vale of death. As Boone and his men anxiously hoped, the Indians prepared to encamp, evidently considering it too late to cross the river; and neglecting also what no Indian party would have neglected, two years after-

wards, that was, a careful examination of the coverts around them.

In this state of confidence in their safety, on one side, and determination and watchfulness on the other, the night was passed, and the grey dawn of morning was opening to the poor forlorn captives, the still darkly shadowed vale of Ohio. The Indians were still wrapped in their blankets, when the mellow but heart-moving tones of a woman's voice, rose in prayer to the FATHER OF LIGHT AND LIFE. The distinct words they could not hear, but the voice fell upon the very souls of their deliverers, and if possible inspired them with ten-fold confidence in victory; but it was on Lindsley that the sound fell as if from HEAVEN. There was a something in the thrilling aspiration which so transported him as for a moment to render him forgetful of where he was. He felt as if in the regions of the blest, and as if listening to a disembodied spirit, but his trance was short; the Indians began to rise until near half their number was on their feet, when the still profound silence was broken by the clear, sharp sound and deadly aim of Boone's rifle, followed in less than one minute by the discharge of five more, and the death struggles of as many Indians. With a shout loud and terrible forward rushed the little band, and so rapid were their motions, that several warriors were tomahawked as they rose in terror. All who could, fled at the first surprise, still, however, numbers were on the side of the Indians, but the presence of mind of Boone on the evening before, decided the battle. In the creek, where Boone expected, lay the Indian canoes, which were by his express order not even approached only near enough to ascertain they were there. In their terror, the warriors who escaped the first volley and charge, made for the canoes and pushed them as speedily as possible into the Ohio, very naturally supposing from the suddenness of their onset, that the whites formed a numerous party, and the whites were indeed very speedily re-inforced by two men whose bonds were cut by the hands of the woman, whose voice in prayer, had first burst on the silence of that fearful morning scene.

Though the Indians were defeated with the loss of near half their numbers, and the despairing prisoners released, their conquerors did not all escape. One of the Indians, a very active and athletic man, who was amongst those who were cut off from retreating to the canoes, turned and fled into an adjacent thicket, overtopping a ledge of rocks, into which he was closely pursued by Cyrus Lindsley. Both for a few moments disappeared, but the report of two rifles fired so near together that their sounds were scarcely distinguishable, told that the strife of death was commenced. Boone and one of his men were returning from their pursuit after two more enemies who had fled and escaped in an opposite direction, when they beheld the flying savage, and Lindsley in rapid pursuit towards the covert; the other three, and one of the released prisoners were discharging shots, some of which took effect on the retreating canoes. The impulse of Boone and his

companion were to speed to the aid of Lindsley; but even in a moment, when their every power of mind and body was on the full extent of exertion, an incident occurred which turned their attention to unexpected allies. As Lindsley with the fleetness of an Apollo and his flying enemy no less fleet, seemed to fly past them, the woman we have already introduced, screamed, "Father, Father, Cyrus Lindsley," and in frantic gestures seized the tomahawk of one of the dead Indians, and shot with swiftness almost superhuman past Boone and his attending warrior, and also disappeared amongst the brambles at the instant that the shots were heard. Boone and his man followed; the released prisoner exclaiming, "My child, my child," also endeavoured to fly after his daughter, but his limbs cramped by the thoughts with which he had been bound, refused their office, and in excruciating agony he sank down at the foot of the ledge exclaiming, "My child, my child." His suspense was short, as a rustling amongst the branches, stifled expressions of rage from men in the strife of death, and the cries of a female voice, which rent his soul, was followed by the rush of the two combatants, already covered with blood, to the edge of the precipice, down which they hurried each other in tiger grasp. They struck upon some branches projecting from the rocks which broke the force of their fall, and brought them to the ground on their feet, within a few yards from the anxious father. Both fell, however, to the earth, and Lindsley, under the triumphant Indian, who had before made abortive attempts to draw his knife, but now succeeded. His yell as the blade flashed was his last; the heroine seemed to drop from the impending rocks, and a tomahawk was sunk to the hilt in the brain of the savage.

The victory was now complete—need I say that the heroine was Ella Moore—Yes! it was Ella, the same Ella amid blood and death on the wilderness banks of Ohio, who erst shone in the splendid saloon. If we were describing the heroine of a novel in place of a woman who really did exist, we would be compelled to describe her as rushing into the arms of the man she loved and saved; but plain truth compels us to describe her in an infinitely more elevated sphere of action. Her feelings were repressed, but her energies called into rational action. Lindsley was literally covered and blinded with his own blood and that of his antagonist. The ball of the Indian had pierced his right arm above the elbow without breaking the bone, whilst the Indian received a severe flesh wound through one thigh. In the heat of the battle neither was much disabled by their wounds, though that of the Indian brought him to the ground, and enabled Lindsley to seize his prey. But the great loss of blood, as an artery had been cut, soon exhausted Lindsley, who fainted as they bore him to the camp. With a wave of her hand, and imploring gesture, Ella prevented her father from arousing by any ill-timed expression, the recollections of Lindsley. With the aid of Boone and a part of the dress of Ella, the bleeding was stanching, and the wound bound up, and not then considered very dangerous. The blood was then washed from his blinded visage, and

his senses gradually restored. As returning consciousness confusedly brought back the remembrance of where he was and in what fearful conflict he had been engaged, his sight first fell upon a countenance, black and haggard, intently fixed upon him.

"What vision have I seen? what voice have I heard? inwardly murmured Lindslay, "Ella Moore! no that cannot be."

"Why should the voice not have been that of Ella Moore?" mournfully exclaimed the man before him.

"And that voice"—"is the voice"—of Henry Moore, surely all this must be a dream."

"It is reality," exclaimed another mouth whose breathings of anxious affection could be no longer repressed. "It is reality," and for the first time Cyrus Lindslay was enfolded in the arms of Ella Moore.

Boone whose mind untaught in the dark intricacies of artificial human policy, but who never had a superior in intuitive knowledge of the finest feelings of the human heart; Boone, who loved his species, and entered into the every joy, care, and danger of his friends, and his friends were all of mankind, not his enemies with whom he ever had to act, and who now from conversation formerly held with Lindslay, perfectly understood the characters and scene before him, but felt that on him devolved the safety of all, and that retreat to his station must be prompt and speedy. Orders were given to the young men to collect the horses without any avoidable delay, and then seizing the hand of Henry Moore, observed with his native blandness:

"Mr. Moore you are not altogether unknown to me,—that young warrior, I believe did not receive his first wound to day."

"Can you be Daniel Boone," exclaimed Moore.

"Daniel Boone is my name"—replied the warrior—"don't attempt thanks to me," and Boone in the Indian and most impressive manner pointed to the Heavens. Moore felt the appeal and turning his tearful eyes upon his daughter, exclaimed fervently, "Oh! my God! my daughter."

"We must be off," said Boone; and in less than two hours from the break of day, and firing of their first rifle, the party was on their way. We need not describe their retreat, suffice it to say, they arrived safe at Boone's station; but we cannot omit a most affecting incident, which took place on approaching the station. We have mentioned, that two men had been spared by the Indians from massacre and made prisoners. One we have accounted for, in the person of Henry Moore; the other was a plain, but kindly looking man, who seemed steeped in the bitterest grief. He spoke seldom, and when the party halted, retired to commune and mourn with his own thoughts. Boone, Henry Moore, and his daughter, indeed all others of the party, were fully employed in their respective duties, and the three former, in care of Cyrus Lindslay, whose wound had become excessively painful. Boone had learned from Henry Moore, that the disconsolate man, with a wife and five children, had joined their party in Powell's valley, and that he believed the mother and all the children had perished.

On the third day, and as they had hopes of arriving at the station that night, Boone led the mourner gradually into a conversation on his loss, in which the man at length observed, "I know I should not,—but how can I help envying Mr. Moore, he has suffered much, but his daughter is safe."

"You had a daughter?" interrupted Boone.

"Yes! two, and one fourteen years of age."

"Her name?" demanded Boone.

"Sally," replied the man fixing his inquiring eyes on Boone.

The look was returned with earnestness, as Boone seized the hand of the anxious father, for hope had beamed in his bosom.

"Be comforted, friend," continued Boone, "you see a man who has been witness to the death of a child by *Ingen* hands—be comforted, your Sally has been the means under that," and Boone again pointed to the heavens, "of saving her father," and the astonished, and delighted parent, that very evening pressed to his bosom, the remnant of his earthly treasures; for little did he bring into the wilderness beside his family.

The fatigue of his journey, with the defective means of healing his wound, had thrown Cyrus Lindslay into a violent fever, which was burning his brain when brought back to Boone's station. For many days his mind roamed under the rack of pain and anxiety, according to the access of his complicated malady. All that the tenderest care which the circumstances of the place admitted, was done. Surgical aid was not wanting, as Boone himself was no mean surgeon—and there was beside him, a professional man at the station.

"Either his life or his arm must go," said at length the surgeon to Boone and Henry Moore. "On that, he must himself be consulted," said both the latter, and he was consulted. When the dreadful alternative was placed before him, for the first time in his life, the manly spirit of Lindslay shrunk back upon itself, and fixing his still fine countenance first on the surgeon, next on Boone, and at length as if he dreaded the appeal on the working visage of Henry Moore, faintly, but impressively observed,—

"My father, my friend, for well may I call upon you by both names. When a stranger you received and cherished me—will the surgeon have the kindness to retire?" The surgeon rose and left the room; while Moore and Boone sat too much affected to interrupt the invalid, who seemed to gain strength by effort, and proceeded. "I had hoped that these arms would have—but alas! I must see Ella." And raising his eyes to the roof, for other ceiling was not over his head, seemed a moment lost in most bitter reflection from which he was diverted by a hand laid softly on his devoted hand.

Long, deep and painful was the silence of the whole party, but some relief came at length from the bursting heart of Ella, who with a smile, such as ministering angels smile upon those they are sent to bless and comfort—"I know all and in the name of him who speaks life or death, let it be so—but oh Cyrus upon one condition only."

"What condition Ella."

"That before that hand is severed from its

arm I receive your plighted faith; that I may watch over you as a wife.

"Incomparable woman," energetically exclaimed, Lindsley, "Oh! I cannot wed thee Ella thus, if I survive the trial how am I to support—"

"Cyrus Lindsley" interrupted Ella as her face fell on his bosom, "these hands—with you in this wilderness will I labour cheerfully."

"And God will bless you both," exclaimed Moore and Boone transported to enthusiasm, as they rose to their feet, so powerfully had fallen on their hearts the words of the devoted woman. At this moment the evening clouds parted, and a ray of sun-shine fell upon the bed and on the faces of Lindsley and Ella, rich, clear and golden, it seemed a smile from Heaven, and in the next hour in presence of Boone and his family, of Henry Moore and the surgeon, Cyrus Lindsley and Ella Moore were united in the most holy of all human bonds. If ever a union was formed refined from all the dross of selfishness, and if ever affection without alloy prepared two hearts for such union, such was the union of Cyrus Lindsley and Ella Moore.

If ever the sordid foresight of common mortals was confounded, it was in this instance. A man deprived of his right hand, and a woman hred in all the indulgence of wealth, with but little resource beyond their personal labor, in the midst of an untained waste, on what were the foundations of their hopes based? on purity of heart, on untained minds, on dependence placed where none but the pure in heart can place their hopes.

Cyrus and Ella were not deceived. The amputation was successfully performed, and from that day the health and strength of Lindsley, slowly, but surely recovered; wealth, the least reward of such minds also slowly, but surely increased in their hands, and the aged and happy Henry Moore lived to see his name multiplied, as the first son received the name of Moore Lindsley, and the second Henry Lindsley.

In their plain and neat mansion, many is the traveller who felt and expressed unqualified astonishment at finding with the most unaffected hospitality, manners, not always even approached, in mansions glittering in splendor.

#### MARK BANCROFT.

#### PLEASURE.

Vain is the hope that pleasure's dazzling blaze,  
Will chase the shades of grief's nocturnal hour!  
Vain is the gay delusion that betrays  
The child of sorrow to her magic bower!  
True, she will gleam and glitter on the sight,  
And e'en the brow of pallid wo illumine,  
As the wild meteor of the wintry night  
Suns the lost wanderer through the deepening gloom;  
\*Till faint it dies on the dark river's wave,  
In whose cold breast the pilgrim finds a grave.

#### VIRTUE.

Saw you the sun obscur'd at noon  
Burst through the mist and fiercer blaze?  
Saw you at eve the clouded moon  
Shine out and shed soul-soothing rays?  
Oh, thus shall youth's eternal beam,  
Consume foul falsehood's venal shroud!  
Thus, thus shall lovely virtue gleam  
Through calumny's malignant cloud.

Written for the Casket.

#### TO JUNE.

Hail bright-eyed daughter of the year!  
Thy varied charms through all our scenes steal;  
We touch, we taste, thy glories!—and we hear,  
We look, upon thy loneliness!—we feel  
The tingling pleasure course its veinward flight,  
In all the rich, deep, fullness of delight!  
And O, thy balmy breath!—its fragrant flow,  
Bathing the earth with perfumes;—or, in freak,  
Lifting the early ringlet from the brow,  
With fairy fingers;—or, upon the cheek  
Of beauty lingering, playfully,—as though  
Enamored of its sweets, and loth to go!  
And then thou com'st all smiles!—as if thy face  
Were quite unused to storms, and loved not gloom!  
A very laughing one!—and then the grace  
Of thy light footsteps, where the spring-flowers  
bloom!  
The forest's peopling, with its leafy vine—  
The south-wind's music mid the whispering pine—  
And all the glory of thy deep blue sky—  
O, these are beautiful! how came they thine?  
Methinks they fit thee not. Thy length'ning hours,  
Can they but fit us less to die?  
But bring fond hopes, to crush them ever;  
But bring fond hopes, and rudely ever  
Love's most indissoluble tie!  
What then should spring,—its opening flowers,  
What should they have to do with such as thee?  
SENEX.

Written for the Casket.

#### LINES TO ELLEN.

BY JOHN C. M'CARE.

She was one of those beautiful beings we meet with  
once in a long life time, and part with too soon! whose  
large black eye sends its silent, (oh no!) its thrilling  
eloquence to the soul of man; whose voice like the  
Æolian harp, captivates the spirit with its wild witch-  
ing numbers;—in short, whose form and action would  
lead us to suppose some spirit from the abodes of the  
blessed, had come to point to erring man the pathway  
from the earth to the skies.

Heaven would be surpassing lovely with but one  
such to tread its sapphire floors with.

Thou'rt young and beautiful, sweet girl,  
And o'er that polished neck of thine,  
In many a love fraught glossy curl  
The rival raven ringlets twine.  
And o'er that brow so pure and white,  
Young hope her joyous lines doth trace,  
In characters so chaste and bright,  
That wo may not, cannot efface.  
Yet why of wo? dear Ellen, why?  
No sorrow shall that bosom know,  
No tear of anguish dim thine eye,  
Or mine shall freely with it flow.  
Around thy path may level flowers,  
Spontaneous throw their bursting bloom;  
On Seraph pinions pass thy hours,  
Without one cloud thy soul to gloom.  
And when in death, that large dark eye  
Of thine shall glaze, oh breathe for me,  
One little prayer, that when I die,  
I may but die, sweet girl like thee!  
Farewell! the sunshine's all thine own,  
The storm is mine; farewell! farewell!  
My back is on life's ocean blown,  
The plaything of each rival swell.

## THE MINIATURE.

"Look on this picture.—*Shakespeare.*"

## CHAPTER I.

Mr. Diaper Garnet was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently, introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting one eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem, Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent churchyard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now discarded them,) his juvenile faults, vices, and indiscretions; he conjured to memory that auspicious day, when twitching from its congenial cotton, one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand fourth finger of his Lucy; and, above all, he had the eye of retrospection upon those three per cents transferred into his own name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved all these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and ocherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat, enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to the exhibition with Mrs. Garnet.

The approach of a young lady, dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis a world since I saw you! how is your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satisfied him upon that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. Oh!

there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, a fine young man too;—here's his card—"Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg." But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold? you turn pale—sit down—that's right—hilloa!—what the deuce?—fainted, by the Lord!"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy Penfold was, certainly, a very pretty girl, but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it. "Eh? what? shall I? Mrs. G's not in the back parlour. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured in a faint voice, but with a trembling emphasis. "Did you say, sir, that the young man was killed?"

"Killed, Miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover a composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, Miss!—young gentleman?—ey—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so susceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be calm; and he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlor.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little composed, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's;—nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I'm still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer;" and the pair slowly departed from the shop.

## CHAPTER II.

"I'll teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop," exclaimed a pretty little woman, as she issued from the back parlor, with a roguish smile upon her small lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. Oh, these men!—Well, he shall never hear the last of it. I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was a miniature portrait of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and a somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame; in which ornament, however, the picture was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, and leaning her hand on one knee, "a very nice young man, indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet?—Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture with her head on one side, the more critically to examine

it, "certainly G's face is that of a griffin by the side of this—he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain." So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet retired again to the back parlor.

Presently in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready?" said he with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he popped his head through the opening door of the back parlor, "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, sir, come in." Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning?" faltered the goldsmith; "ha! ha! ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G—a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful plesantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands, and winking his eye knowingly.

"Then you should keep your secrets better, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I didn't see you kiss the girl, I suppose?" Ah! Mr. G., Mr. G."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet," cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman;" hardly conscious of what he uttered; "you are such a little quizz, you know you are, aren't you now?" and here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well—it's no matter, Mr. Garnet, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pouting, and looking tenderly at the same time, at something which she held in her hand. "What have you got there, my dear," cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigor of speech—"a lock of my hair? Come, come, you must not shear off Sampson's hair by stealth, thou fond Delilah."

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! a portrait!"

"Yes, a portrait, sir."

"Really, Madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously—"I never had a portrait taken. Let me look at it. The portrait of some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, Lord bless me! Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady with provoking coolness—"as though it could signify to you whose portrait it is. I had other beaux in my time, you may be sure."

"The beaux may go to the devil," cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention the devil

in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait at which she was fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous jeweller, as, like Woodworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it move at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings, pretty doings, upon my word!" exclaimed he with a hysterical chuckle—"this is excellent, upon my word—ha! ha! ha! upon my life, it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery,—glorious!—despair and madness,"—and the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

### CHAPTER III.

"I certainly was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the Royal Exchange, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Pea-field, by beating him at cribbage;—besides, that trip to Margate was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith who helped me up, after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop.

That distracted man was seated on a stool behind his counter, upon which both his elbows rested—his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him. "I come, sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what?" and he fell to a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of a glass case behind him, and pushing his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, gazed with a woe-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, sir," said the other with surprise,—"what have you been, and are gazing at with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression?—a portrait?—by heavens! my portrait. How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith; where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his head and pointing to the door of the back parlor—"there!—my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling upon the shop stool with all the immobility of the national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead—"Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands—"lost, for ever lost!"

"Lost, forever lost!" echoed the goldsmith, "my good sir, do take your elbows off that glass case; if it should give way, they'd play the

dence with the brooches below: lost! then there's a pair of us—God bless my soul!"

"Please, sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead—"you promised to wait on Mrs. Deputy Tomlins at three—it's now half past."—

"By the by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir till I return—this matter must be investigated," and seizing his hat and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief;—at length, raising his head, he murmured with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "ass that I was—idiot—incurable fool—to go to Margate—on pleasure, I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and left my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch-seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Pensfold culpable? Then welcome revenge! Come hither, immense Roland, for a prodigious Oliver: the thought pleases me; yet how?—But why?" he resumed, deviating into another train of thought, "why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered a boy who had been called to mind the shop during the absence of Garnet, looking up under an enormous brim of a hat, six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub, peace," cried the distracted one, eyeing him with a baleful look—"I am ill, faint, weak, and wo-begone;"—then, sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlor. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him—"a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been eye-piercing through the corner of the cambric blind for a considerable time, and now opening the door—"you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons—but I am indeed indisposed;" cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlor.

"I fear, Madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I gave you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother has so agitated me."

"My brother, sir!" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles twelve years before—"my brother! what do you mean?"

"Your brother, madam, I repeat," answered Fogg impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me so by a communication—he is blessed with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantaneously exchanged for a visage of extraordinary gravity, as she recognised the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of

his eyes, also favored the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarming start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"Oh, no, sir! a very short time, indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department of St. Luke's intruding itself into her mind.

"But why do I ask idiot questions?" he continued, querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgements of your kindness; then seizing her hand, and kissing it, "farewell," he cried, and opening the door, tumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon his stooping knees, his neck sunk between the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's; and the one open eye was endeavoring to peer through the blind, with a ten argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him—"Wretch! ah! you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile, "but you—oh! how much the reverse! too happy in the possession of such a wife;" and he retired shuddering from the shop.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Garnet thought verily that his lot was too much for man to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to his inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round, and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Pensfold greeted him. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the gentleman that just left your shop?"

"I do Miss, I do," answered he with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet, "his name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness for ever; look there, look at that room; it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife, sir!" said Lucy, confused: "what do you mean? you surely aint so foolish as"—

"I have discovered all," he roared. "I have discovered an attachment subsisting between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking upon the stool, "you do not mean"—

"I mean revenge," said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings;" and she sank back faintly.

"God bless my soul!" cried Garnet, "why you are going to faint again, I hope; you're subject to fainting fits, I fear;" and he scrambled to the closet, and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering he stealthily placed it

to his own lips in a trice, and returned—"What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter!" he whimpered, wringing his hands, "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows; surely!"—and lifting his head, he met the reflection of his own face in a glass opposite. A thought flashed across him: he drew up his shirt collar, "Surely," he continued in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me. Oh! might I hope that in that bosom?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," returned he—"say yes, then at least I shall be blest.

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet," cried a voice with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon and wrung excruciatingly; these are your sly ways, are they? to pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. Oh! Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet!"—and here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down upon the stool—Oh misery!"

"Misery, indeed," retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now!" cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprung from the stool, with his extended hands sticking out from his sides like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like?—the woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand through the blind?—didn't I see it, I say, with this eye," shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now, confess—through the very same blind?"

"Hush, hush, woman!" interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say, deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlor.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop this morning?—not that it is any longer valuable to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up? yes information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again;" and the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grim.

"Mr. Diaper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a serene placidity of countenance, "we must part: your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha! ha! this is too much, this is too much, upon my soul," chuckled Garnet, with a stifling and in a fearfully guttural tone—"ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! and now reason seemed to be taking an

eternal leave of him, but that, as he tossed his head back at the last interjection, it came into contact with the edge of a glass case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving in twain of his skull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never more agree on this side of the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"Oh, hour of wo! that it should come to this,"—groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mr. G. and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we never can be happy again;" and when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

#### CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a shop-house in the neighborhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite) solaced himself with a beefsteak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop. "Yes, I will see her for the last time,—I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country for ever." So determined, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar. "Oh! I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear,—deuce take the fellow's impudence, he's coming in; well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events, I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly," and under the counter dived the goldsmith. Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlor, was admitted. "I am come, madam," said Augustus in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "oh, sir, do leave me! You have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse!"

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife—fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, sir; I am Mr. Garnet's wife." "Gracious heavens! what mystery is this?—Propitious powers! who then is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning? Oh, joy unutterable!"

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet; "but this I know, that in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How, madam," cried Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this?—explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair?" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or any thing rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble."

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair; even this small instrument would suffice,"—and he stalked about the room, opening and closing his weapon with demoniac violence; "but oh! why do I rave? forgive me, best of women! that I have put you to that torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell upon one knee before her, "Ha! what noise was that?" rushing to the glass door, the pair were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rushed from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory knocking.

"She is, sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached. "Put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's"

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted. I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and putting his forefinger on the side of his nose—"they're there."

"Who are there, sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and"—and he swelled up his cheek as though he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg! come, come." Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha! ha! have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there! beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the very room with us! look, sir, do you see? Do you mark the very shamelessness of the guilty parties?" Fogg did indeed look and see, but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it is discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection;" turning to Fogg.

"From me! madam," said Fogg upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another."

"Say you so?" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy,

"Deign, Miss, to receive assurances of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress"—

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found!"—said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. My dearest Mrs. G. but how is this? explain Fogg, explain. Do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and

the joyous goldsmith danced about the room—"let's be merry"—and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

#### DEATH OF LA FAYETTE.

A thousand hearts have mourn'd his doom,  
A thousand bells have toll'd,  
A requiem o'er the hero's tomb—  
The hero brave and old.

With all the mighty dead,  
With Washington and Greene  
On glory's lap he rests his head—  
Honor'd as he hath been.

Toll for the patriot brave  
The bell of liberty,  
And garlands weave for the warrior's grave—  
Sons of the brave and free.

Can freedom's sons forget,  
What glorious deeds were done,  
By the generous hero La Fayette,  
In the land of Washington?

In the morning of his life  
He left a brilliant Court,  
For the battle field of savage strife—  
For the forest and the fort.

His purse was freely given  
In the cause of liberty,  
And his glorious spirit is now in Heaven  
With the brave Montgomery.

A thousand halls are hung  
In mourning on our shore,  
And a thousand harps our bards have strung  
To sing his brave deeds o'er.

No marble monument  
Need deck the good man's grave,  
For Freedom's sons with France have bent  
In sorrow o'er the brave.

In the hearts of millions he  
A monument hath won,  
And his name forever blest shall be  
With that of Washington.—MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Casket.

#### BEAUTY: HOW EVANESCENT.

The downy cheek so red and soft,  
The bosom's snowy whiteness;  
The coral lip so red and rare,  
The eye with sparkling brightness:  
Are beauties like the summer leaf,  
With length of years decay—  
Which envious time, that jealous thief,  
Will surely steal away.

But when with sense and grace we find  
Charms that surpass all beauty;  
A virtuous heart, a feeling mind,  
Our love becomes a duty,  
How foolish those, who idly range,  
To all out beauty blind;  
For time, nor place, can never change  
Those beauties of the mind. S. A. A.

Written for the Casket.

## HOPE.

BY LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

Hope, according to Dr. Webster, is a desire of something good, accompanied at least, with a slight expectation of obtaining it; or a belief that it is attainable. Hope, differs from wish or desire, in this, that it always implies some expectation of obtaining the good desired, or the possibility of possessing it. Hope, therefore always gives pleasure or joy, whereas wish or desire may produce or be accompanied with pain or anxiety.

The present is full of sorrows and vicissitudes—the past is a book bearing record of almost unparalleled turpitude and crime; of distress and anguish,—of uncertainty, misfortune, and disappointment. When we turn over the pages of the past, we are convinced beyond a doubt, of the uncertainty of human affairs, and are constrained almost to cower beneath the withering influence and cold unmerciful grasp of despair! Do you read of a nation, in the highest bloom of prosperity—peruse the page a little farther, and some error, crime, mismanagement, or fatality, will reduce it to a depopulated desert—a field for tygers or hyenas—or savage barbarians! Did men co-operate for the amelioration of their condition of their race,—conscious of the noblest generosity and philanthropy,—still, they died the death of Socrates or Stephen—fell beneath the poisoned arrows of persecution, and their systems crumbled into atoms. Did a man engage in an honourable pursuit—and persevere with devotion,—still some sinister circumstance prostrated him in the dust. A bounding ship spurning the billows that dashed by her side, sailed with streaming banners from her port—but she returned no more—the hurricane made her its sport, and the foaming waves engulfed her forever! An individual, or individuals, engaged in the most laudable enterprise, of increasing the stock of human knowledge and happiness by discovery in travels or voyages, and perished on polar icy mountains—desert islands, or among tropical savage barbarians. MERCIFUL HEAVENS! it seems that this world is the grave of every thing high,—noble,—generous—and philanthropic!—It seems that the past is only a history of prosperity in mourning,—of honesty in rags,—of virtue in sackcloth,—of friendship violated,—of love unrequited,—of confidence betrayed,—of prospects blasted,—of enterprises defeated,—and of the highest and most generous feelings of the human mind in ruins, by the blighting influence of uncertainty and disappointment! But there must be some animating influence to keep us from despair, and is not that the contemplation of the future? The past and the present are dark gloomy and fearful—but the future must be delightful, or we should absolutely sink to the lowest depths of despair. No, it is not. If the past is full of gloom, and the present full of misery—the future carries in its bosom, a thousand and unrevealed—latent sorrows. How many a heart is doomed to be broken, and many a spirit of energetic power to quail, beneath the long catalogue of miseries stored away in the dark, impenetrable and mysterious future! In view

of the miseries of the past—who can contemplate the future with pleasure? Perhaps, we have escaped the miseries of years that have rolled by us, but who will give us indemnification for those years that are to come? No one can do it.—Perhaps, we are now treading on the grassy turf beneath which an earthquake slumbers, which will break forth and involve us in destruction. Perhaps, our honourable exertions may not be prospered; perhaps our present happy condition as a nation, or as individuals, may not exist one day longer. Perhaps our social family circles may be invaded by the hand of death, and the cheering voices of surpassing melody be hushed in the cold damp grave. The experience of the past reveals to us with considerable certainty—that our highest pleasures may be blighted—that our present independence and comfort, may soon end in dependence and misery. And that our present unhappy condition (if we are so circumstanced) may continue. It is clear, then, that the miseries—perplexities—and uncertainties incident to our existence in this world, would merge us in despair—would paralyze all our exertion, and render us nothing more than passive statues—without any incentive to action,—if it were not for the existence of some powerful principle to counteract the influence of the evil and unhappy circumstances which surround us. That animating principle is *hope*. It smiles at despair,—warms and invigorates us,—like an angel of benevolence, it comforts the afflicted,—dries the briny water of sorrow from the eye,—chases the wan, ghostly picture of despair from the cheek,—smooths the agony of disease and death,—cheers the wanderer,—animates and beautifies the green bowers of home,—makes icy mountains or burning deserts in some degree to be borne,—gives pleasure in youth—support in manhood—and consolation in old age. Like the angel of Spring, it beautifies—and embellishes. Nature, and every glen, mountain, valley and stream, awakens more exquisite pleasure—and gives rise to innumerable associations—from that inspiring, pleasing, enchanting angel of our happiness—that delightful principle of *Hope*! Its benefits are incalculable;—it exerts its influence upon every mind—extends to every scene and department in life, the high and the low, the rich and the poor participate in its benefits. From the first dawns of intellect to its final extinction by death, the human mind feels the animating principle of *Hope*. As the sun's influence, frees the earth from the icy fetters that bind it—warms its bosom—and brings forth plants, flowers, leaves and verdure,—so the influence of *Hope* upon the human mind—frees it from the icy fetters of despair—causes a thousand flowery anticipations of pleasure, profit or enjoyment to spring up and become the incentives to action. What inducement would man have to act at all, if it were not for the promptings of *Hope*? Surely he would have none. What man or number of men, in their senses, would boldly step forward, as did our forefathers, and risk their reputation, property and lives, to fight a powerful foe, and establish a new government—if they knew their purposes would be defeated—and their lives sacrificed, as the records of the past would have taught them to expect, by a great number of in-

stances of defeat and disgrace? But their ignorance of the future clothed their undertaking with uncertainty—it was not absolutely certain they would succeed, nor certain that they would be defeated. Here Hope whispered to them to persevere—"You will succeed," she said,—“you will form a new government, unequalled in the annals of time for its advantages;—solid as the rock of Gibraltar, and enduring as the everlasting hills.—Although the Republics of Greece and Rome fell, yours will be eternal! Some attempts, indeed, of this kind have failed, but that relates to the past—not to the future. You have better destinies in store; *persevere*, in after ages your names will descend to posterity as the benefactors of your race, and in stead of dying an ignominious death—you will live respected and die regretted. They *did* persevere, and triumphed, and did not the inspiring principle of Hope bear them through the hardships of that tremendous struggle? The *Hope* of enjoying their liberties—of protecting their defenceless wives and children, and of triumphing over the foe!

Inspiring Hope still led them on,  
Their glorious land to save;  
And awful power to the Hero's arm,  
That conquering power gave.

The principle of Hope, inspires the husbandman in his toils. Although the forest must be prostrated and burnt up, which requires immense labour; yet Hope smilingly whispers that he will be rewarded with an abundant harvest, she pictures the rich comfortable home—the extended fields—filled with flocks and herds—the beautiful garden full of luxuries and perfumes—the generous woodbine and beautiful morning glory, entwining around the summer house; where he, and the partner of his bosom, could sit down with their friends and be happy! These powerful inducements cause the death of many a sturdy forest tree, and if he dies before his object is accomplished, the pleasures of Hope will have abundantly repaid him for his labours. The mariner embarks on the uncertain ocean, on a voyage of discovery, on a commercial enterprise, or to carry passengers to a destined port. Hope whispers, the voyage will be prosperous, that the ship will again re-visit the port in her pride, how enthusiastically will the signal gun be hailed on its return! The ship proceeds on her voyage—a tempest rises, and threatens to plunge the ship beneath the waves. Does Hope forsake the mariner? No: he thinks the storm will cease, and the voyage yet be prosperous. The storm is calmed, and tranquility returns to the ocean. Soon a second tempest rises, more furious than the first—the ship seems completely at the mercy of the waves! Does Hope forsake the mariner now? No: he cries make increased exertion, we may hope to save the ship. “Home, sweet home,” occurs to his mind,—there is the little white gate—the beautiful gravel walk—his aged father and mother seem coming out to meet him—there is his little sister, with flowing hair and sylph-like form—in whose eye a tear started when he left her—now, her face is brilliant with smiles. But, alas! a sudden plunge of the ship awakens

him from his revery—it is his last moment—the ship sinks beneath the waves forever! Another vessel sails from the same port—the mariners having a knowledge of the foregoing circumstances, would be discouraged, did not Hope whisper that *their* voyage would be more prosperous, that, although the former vessel was overwhelmed in the ocean, theirs would ride the waves in safety—and return in triumph. The latter vessel sailed—was prosperous—and did return. The sustaining pleasures of hope were enjoyed in as great a degree by the former ship, as by the latter. The traveller may pass through solitudes, or traverse mountains infested with banditti or wild beasts—yet *Hope* sustains him there. She whispers that the robber is hid in his far off place of concealment—and the savage beast reposing in his mountain den.—He may pass in safety, or he may not—yet *Hope* nobly sustains and animates him in either case. Or he may travel in barbarous countries, as Mungo Park, and the Clapperton's have in Africa. The noble design and Hope of increasing the sum of human knowledge prompt him to risk the danger and the toil—and the pleasures of Hope sustain his mind in all the vicissitudes through which he may pass. Hope, says, or seems to say, that he will discover the mouth of some mysterious Niger, or the source of some majestic Nile, or make splendid discoveries in the interior of some uncivilized country, isolated from the rest of the world by its barbarism. Some savage chief may lead him into captivity, he may be doomed to be a slave among barbarians—to drink the cup of human misery to the bottom. But Hope will sustain him—will smooth his sorrows—will present distant prospects of release—some certain and final means of return to his native land; and even when nature sinks under accumulated miseries—the pleasures of Hope will brighten his eye, and soften the pangs of death, when he thinks for the last time on the endearments of home!

“Alas! nor wife nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends nor sacred home.”

Unfortunate beings, shipwrecked on inhospitable shores—carried captive on burning deserts, receive supporting consolation from the pleasures of Hope, amid their sufferings. Hope pictures, murmuring rivulets, when thirst oppresses—abundance of provisions when hunger gnaws, and sure deliverance from the dominion of their savage masters. Deprived of food, of clothing and of drink—doomed to melt beneath a burning sun, like Riley and Robbins,—and reduced to skeletons—yet Hope made that even to be borne. And when they seemed more like mummies, rescued from the long silence and gloom of a catacomb and covered with the hieroglyphic marks of savage cruelty,—than human beings—they entertained unshaken faith that they should see their native land again! The writhing victim of disease, receives his most powerful consolation from the pleasures of Hope—when pain forces his body into contortions and spasms—and almost insufferable agony, would seem to be sufficient to drive him to destruction—yet Hope whis-

pers that the violence of disease and pain will soon be over—that a speedy recovery will ensue—and this unshaken confidence in future good fortune—this beneficial pleasure of Hope, is perhaps one powerful means of recovery.—The victim of consumption—whose pale emaciated form—sunkn eye—and hectic cheek—denote immediate dissolution—yet feels the powerful sustaining pleasures of Hope—it paints future years of pleasure—strengthens the mysterious chain that binds to life—awakens new associations;—and perhaps when the person is engaged in a pleasing reverie of future prospects, the destroyer steals along and calls away one of the most happy beings in existence. Hope even cheers the maniac; in those wild creations of his distorted fancy, he builds and dedicates a temple to *Hope*. And the inspiring being that presides in that temple administers more comfort and joy to his ruined and wrecked mind, than all the world besides. There is no form of the thousand ills that “flesh is heir to,” where the pleasures of Hope are not equal to the “good Samaritan,”—pouring wine and oil into the wounds and ailments that mankind is subject to—to heal, comfort and restore. We cannot estimate the benefit of the pleasures of Hope, to those labouring under disease. But the most triumphant view of Hope, is that of the Christian—his well-grounded Hope of future good is more pleasureable than any earthly Hope can be—it raises him above all earthly misfortunes and dangers. In view of the future good which he has in anticipation—all temporal vicissitudes dwindle into insignificance—the keenest pain can be borne without a groan—death can be encountered without fear—and this sickle, uncertain world can be resigned without regret. Hope spreads her most enchanting touch upon his future destiny—it is all happiness—all flowers—all consolation. What signify a few trials and uncertainties in this world—if we can have confidence that our existence in another, will be one unbroken series of unspeakable joys! The pleasures of Hope enjoyed by the Christian, elevate him above temporal and fading objects—and direct him to unfading and eternal treasures and enjoyments—in that realm of everlasting glory—where trouble, pain and anxiety, can never come! Triumphant Hope! thou sustaineest us from the pressure of this world's misfortunes—paintest the future in happiness and flowers, and banishest that utter hopelessness, into which the disagreeable, unfortunate and insufferable tribulations, with which we are surrounded, would inevitably plunge us, were it not for thy sustaining, cheering, balmy influence. Thou art our anchor in the voyage of life—in difficulties our guide—in sorrows, our consolation. Without thine aid, man would be as a senseless statue—without mind or purpose to perform those sublime destinies for which he was created.

Eternal Hope! thy realm is unfading—thou art strong even in the maniac—thou art present in high and low condition—thou art a balm for every wo—thou leadest us to the *Himmayan* \*

summit of Time—spreadest Eternity before us like one grand Panorama—and shewest us joy at God's RIGHT HAND, that shall never pall or fade while Eternity endures! Oh! when marble shall moulder—when arts shall crumble—and worlds in flaming fire decay, thou shalt light thy torch with the last blazing fragment of expiring nature, and live eternal in the skies!

Written for the Casket.

### THE BROTHERS.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

“At the siege of Bommel, in 1599, two brothers, Spaniards, who having been separated in early life and had never seen each other since that time, suddenly met on the field of battle. Having recognised each other, they ran and fell on each other's necks, and while in that close embrace, their heads were at once carried off by a cannon shot, their bodies falling to the ground together.”

Death, death, how couldst thou there,  
Mid those crested ones find place;  
Mingling with ought so fair,  
As love's full fond embrace!  
Thy task, with weary ones should be,  
To hush th' abodes of misery.

Their dreams were not of thee—  
On the battle field they met,  
The stern heart, and the free,  
With shield and banner set,  
With quivering steel, and glittering spear,  
And blood red plumes high waving there.

No, not of thee, they dreamed;  
Those brothers, Spain's early lost;  
Where hall and banquet gleamed,  
Far from the served host,  
Their hearts were fired—the magic word,  
Freedom alone their bosoms stirred.

But now upon their path,  
A thrill, and a yearning came;  
Spirit in spirit, hath  
Kindled a glowing flame,  
Quenched with the light of childhood's dream,  
A spell broke with their cradle dream.

The shield and helmet fell,  
From those mail-clad men of might;  
Their plated bosoms swell,  
And shrink from battle fight!  
Spain, Spain, thy sons of lofty brow,  
Are feeble than thine infants now.

The lance aside was thrown,  
As their childhood's dream came back;  
With voice of tender tone,  
On memory's startled track—  
Their vintage sports, the olive shade,  
And mingled prayer, as nightly said.

They rushed, those warriors there,  
And met in long embrace—  
Death, death, with ought so fair,  
How couldst thou find a place!—  
Kindly ye slumber, men of Spain,  
In love's fond clasp—ye noble slain!

\* Reference is here made to the mountains of Him-

lays or Himmalek in Asia, the highest mountains in the world.

From the New York Mirror.

The following is translated from the "*Bibliothèque choisie de Littérature Française*." The original is written in a style of piquancy and sprightliness usual with the French journalists. It exhibits the effect of a sense of disgrace on a delicate and sensitive mind, educated under the principles of that nice notion of honour which considers a blow as an irreparable offence, and not to be atoned for but by blood. The story is told with much cleverness; and the circumstance of making the high opinion of the honour and character of the young man entertained by his mistress, the very cause of his utter despair and final suicide, is well conceived. But the most striking part of the moral, if it may be so called, is the reckless selfishness of the journalist, who, to further his own views, in establishing for himself a character for courage, engages his friend in a scandalous imposition, and is even upon the whole pleased and satisfied that *that* friend had committed suicide; as he might otherwise have betrayed the imposition which had been practised. How much it is like some editors, who, provided they can make up a smart paragraph in their paper, are little solicitous about its truth, or what wound they may inflict upon the feelings of others.

## A COWARD.

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER ONE.

Two ladies, seated at a table in a saloon of the Rue Larochefoucauld, were surrounded by a number of gentlemen, and engaged in animated conversation. One of the ladies was named Madame de Neville, the other, her daughter, was named Marie. Marie was naturally pale; she had light hair; large, swimming blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, and full, strongly-marked eyelids, indicated one of those elevated, thoughtful souls, which burn and glow in secret. Just then her usual paleness had left her, her eyes dilated and sparkled, and her voice was deep and broken, as though she was much moved.

"How, M. Lascour," said she, "did the man receive a blow?"

"Yes, miss, some time ago, at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville."

"And did not return it?"

"He did not."

"And has not demanded satisfaction of the aggressor?"

"He would be more likely to beg his pardon!"

"And what is the wretch's name, so that, in case I ever meet him, I may show him plainly that I despise him?"

"His name!—it will be difficult to ascertain it; for probably no one witnessed the circumstance but the friend who mentioned it to me, and you would do wrong in despising him—he may be a very fine man."

"What! he, the coward!"

"Coward! coward! that is your great argument. Is it the man's fault? Courage is a matter of nerve; we cannot command resolution any more than we can appetite. Thus Captain Derviere, with whom you are well acquainted, mentioned to me, the other day, the case of a

young man who, having been grossly insulted, on the ground, fainted away three times, when he came to lay hand on his sword. Would you despise this man? Can we control our swooning? He is perhaps of very delicate sentiment, and very pure in soul, only his organs are weak; find fault with his limbs, therefore, not with his feelings.

"Very well," replied Marie, "I say, for my part, that were there is no courage, there is no honour. Let a man be an assassin, a deserter, nay, even a traitor, love can pardon it all; an assassination is but a crime, treason perhaps no more than hatred, and hatred and crime may both proceed from a great soul. But a coward! oh, the very name sickens me—and were the man you saw insulted there at my feet, beautiful as an angel, noble as a king, with a revenue of a million, I would not marry him were I but the servant-maid of an inn."

As she was saying this, a young man who was leaning on a *console* at the other end of the room, and had taken no part in the discussion, let an album fall. Marie turned at the noise, and her eyes assumed an indescribably sweet and tender expression, as she rose and approached the young man.

"Savigny, my friend," said she, in a whisper, "come along—why do you remain alone in this distant corner? Do you not approve of what I have said?"

At these words, uttered with captivating grace and submission, Marie's betrothed turned toward her, disclosing mild and noble, but somewhat disturbed features.

"Excuse me, Marie," said he, "I was looking at the sketch of Roqueplan in your album, and did not hear you."

"Ah! I am sorry for it," said she, "you are so pure and noble-minded, you would have been pleased with the sentiments I expressed."

"Marie," said Savigny, in an agitated voice, and showing her the album, "pray look at this head of an old woman—how expressive! how true to nature! It reminds me of my poor grandmother, who loved me so much."

"Ah! my friend," said Marie, "I see a tear standing in your eye—hide it, pray, or I must weep too. My Savigny, how tender hearted you are!"

Meanwhile the discussion was going on at the table at which Madame de Neville was seated.

"No," said Lascour, "I don't set much value on courage, and yet if I have a son who is like myself, I will tell him, 'Never submit to an insult.'"

"Well, for my part," said Madame de Neville, "if I had the good fortune to have a son, and he had received what you call an insult, I would beseech him on my knees not to fight.—What difference does it make to me whether my son is a coward or not? What I want is to have him live. I am no Spartan. I will not tell my son, 'Return with your shield, or upon it.' I would say to him, 'Do not go at all.'"

"Neither would I fight Madame," said Lascour, "if I were your son; for if I were your son, I would have twenty thousand a year—if I were your son, I should need no one's good offices—if I were your son, I would have horses, a good

table, a thousand pleasures, and I would not be fool enough to risk my happy life against that of a wretch who has nothing else to lose."

"But, sir," rejoined Marie, quickly, "suppose that wretch should offer you an insult?"

"I would understand it as a compliment."

"And if he gave you a blow?"

"I would walk off to avoid a second."

"But the dishonor!"

"Which?"

"You love yourself very much then?"

"Very much, miss. Besides, why do people fight except from self-love? Bullies fight because they value their reputation—I would not fight because I value my bones. Self-love against self-love—mine is the most reasonable of the two. For after all, where is this honour lodged? You say, his honor has received a fatal blow—yet people live a hundred years after such a mortal wound. But a blow with a cudgel—oh! that I should feel very deeply, and that's the reason why I am not anxious to get a shot with a pistol, inasmuch as that is still more painful."

"But, sir, what would your conscience say?"

"My conscience? it would be dumb if I were rich!"

"And then men who would insult, the women who would despise you!"

"But, miss, nobody is despised now-a-days. You are a coward—who knows the fact?—two individuals out of a hundred, or ten in a thousand. And do you think that it would prevent those ten individuals from drinking my champagne, accepting my money, and calling me 'my dear friend?' They would abuse me in private, but what is that to me? I would know nothing of it, and even if I should, I repeat, what is that to me? I would rise—I would go and look in the glass—and when I found my complexion clear, my eye bright, my lip ruddy—when I felt in my writing-desk and found some bank notes in it—when I looked around me, and saw splendid hangings and elegant furniture, I would say to myself, 'Upon my word, I did very wisely in retaining all this.' I would soon forget all they could say of me. I would mount my bay, and take my Greek greyhound with me; when I reached the park, all the pretty women I knew would stretch their necks out of their carriages to salute me, and I would be happy, be envied and honoured. And yet, spite of all I have said, if I, Alfred Lascour, was insulted to-morrow, I would fight in a moment."

"How so, sir?"

"Oh, because with me, Lascour, the case is very different! I must be a man of honour; I need it for my support. I am the ostensible editor of a newspaper; I must be brave. Only consider that I am employed to be courageous for all my anonymous contributors; I am the shield of their wit, or folly, as the case may be; courage, with me, means champagne, trifles, and a pheasant *a la royale*, and I am very fond of pheasants and champagne, therefore I must needs be very courageous. But could I find money any where else than in my pen, I would be willing to be a coward, and to let the whole world know I was one; I would have the word coward engraved on my cards as my title, and I

would not be the less liked; and I would wear mustaches, and I would find people who would tell me it was a great pity I was not in the army; and I would make a gallery of the miniatures that the ladies would send me."

"No, sir," answered Marie; "no woman of honour would love such a man. A lover is a protector, as well as a husband. What, suppose I loved a man, took his arm, and went out with him, and he was to let the first puppy that chose insult me, and I must reflect that the man who pretended to love me would yield me up to the first threat made him! If I fall in the water, he will let me drown; if I am in a fire, he will let me burn up; if I fall in the hands of villains, he will let me be dishonoured. A coward, sir, is a man who knows neither love, pity, nor friendship; a coward can never be a husband, a son, or father, for he could not protect his wife, his mother, or his daughter. And can a woman love such a man?—oh, never, never!"

"It is singular," said Madame de Neville, "Savigny has gone, without saying a word to me."

## CHAPTER TWO.

The next day, Savigny was seated at home, in a sad and melancholy mood, when he heard a voice, which he recognised at once, ask the servant if he was within; and in a few moments the door opened, and Lascour was announced. Lascour entered with an ease, which bordered on familiarity; and after Savigny had, with ceremonious politeness, requested him to be seated, began as follows:

"Sir I have had the honour of meeting you at Madame de Neville's, and I now come to do you a service."

"What, pray?"

"Sir, you are a coward."

"Sir, you shall make me atonement for this insult, and I will prove to you—"

"Don't get vexed, I entreat you; for you are not angry—only afraid, that's all. But I did not come to insult you; therefore, spare yourself a display of courage, which does not deceive me. I resume then, and tell you, you are a coward."

"Sir!"

"Allow me to finish—"

"No, sir, nor will I suffer—"

"What a man! when I tell you that I did not come—"

"Such an insult, in my own house!"

"Listen to me, do. I am as great a poltroon as you—a greater one—a thousand times greater. Be cool, and let us talk over our business quietly, and like men of sense. I will not repeat that you are a coward, since that word wounds your feelings, but will tell you that you are not a brave man. Neither am I, as I have already given you to understand—and that is what brings me here. You don't understand, I suppose?"

"Not in the least sir."

"I presume so; but have patience a moment. Do you recollect that, a few days since, you were breakfasting at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, in the Bois de Bologne, and that a man with mustaches—"

At these words, Savigny turned pale, and laid in a hoarse voice, covering his face with his hands, "Pray, pray, spare me!"

"Be not alarmed, sir," replied Lascour, with his usual *sang-froid*, "I will not recall to your mind the degrading insult you have received, for I have come as a friend: all that I want you to understand is, that I saw you insulted, and saw you pocket the insult. You cannot conceive the object of my visit yet, I conclude?"

"No, sir."

"I will proceed. You were speaking with Madame de Nerville about marrying her daughter. The young lady is beautiful, has a dowry of half a million, and every thing is nearly arranged. But yesterday, after you went away, I told the family that you were the person insulted in the Pavillon d'Ermenonville; and the young lady declared openly, that she would never marry a dishonoured man. The opportunity is a fine one, the fortune large, and it would be hard to lose it; it is therefore absolutely necessary, for you to have a brilliant affair of honour, which may retrieve your reputation, but without exposing you to danger—you understand—with-out exposing you to any danger—and I now arrive at the object of my visit."

Here Lascour paused for a moment. Monsieur Savigny listened, immovable, with his eyes nailed on the ground, as though choked with emotion, except that now and then a big tear rolled down his cheek. And Lascour, balancing himself carelessly on his chair, watched his unfortunate patient with an ironical smile. He resumed:

"I too, need an act of courage, which will make a noise, and for this reason:—I am an editor, as you know. To live by that business, we must be *piquant*: to be piquant, we must sink the truth, in a measure; we must use personalities and scandal; but I am afraid of those who will take offence at this. I want a brilliant duel as a shield, sheltered behind which, I can attack all my demi-courageous acquaintance, who, if I had never fought, would come to demand satisfaction from me; and when they know I have been out once, will pretend not to have seen the offensive article. When I saw you receive that insult at the Pavillon d'Ermenonville, it occurred to me, at first to follow you every where, to seize the first opportunity to insult you publicly, and to build up a reputation for courage on your cowardice. But, I know not why, I esteem you, spite of that insult. I watched your conduct in that unfortunate dispute, and you are a man of honour: you were angry at yourself; you did all that you could to fight, and it was your nature only that refused. I am sure that you have wept many a night when you thought on that outrage! therefore, I at once gave up my plan of insulting you, and have discovered a means which reconciles every thing, which retrieves your reputation, establishes mine, brings about your marriage, and assures my position in society; it is this:

Monsieur Savigny, who had not spoken for a quarter of an hour, and sat like a criminal, before the inquisition, rallied his trembling limbs, and by a painful effort raised his head abruptly, approached Lascour, and said—

"Sir, I understand and despise you; leave the house!"

Lascour smiled, and answered, in no way dis-

concerned, "If it was not for my interest, as well as for yours to remain, I would not stay a minute longer, but I have need of you, as well as you of me, and I will do you a service in spite of yourself."

"Sir, said Savigny, with dignity, yet embarrassed, you have heard."

"Listen to me," answered Lascour, "I ask your pardon for mentioning Madame de Nerville's fortunes to you just now, I know that you are above all interested views, but this is what binds you to me; you are in love, passionately in love with Mademoiselle de Nerville—have you courage enough to resign her voluntarily?"

"Yes, it is better to resign her, than win her by a trick."

"But reflect that you not only lose her, but remain dishonoured, in her eyes; that she will always see the mark of insult on your cheek, and will never meet you without saying to herself, 'there is a man who has received a blow'!"

"Ob, 'tis the torture of hell!" said Savigny, and the sweat poured off his forehead.

"Say but a word, and that torture is at an end."

"But after all," said the young man in despair, "what do you intend to do?"

"Listen. Go to the opera this evening, place yourself in the front seat in the balcony, on the left; I will come a quarter of an hour after you; in the middle of the piece, I enter, you approach me, asking me by what right I presume to slander you; I answer you rudely, you call me an impertinent scoundrel; I grow angry, you lay hands on me, the spectators rise and surround us, and when a good many people are collected, I call you by name, that all may know it is you, and we make an appointment for the next morning."

"Never, never!" said poor Savigny, panting for breath.

"You do not love Mademoiselle de Nerville, then?"

"Not love her! heavens! not love her!" said he, striking his forehead.

"Well, let me go on then. The next day, that is to-morrow, we go on the ground."

"I tell you I will not go," answered Savigny, with fury, "no, I will not go! Do you know that what you propose, would be the eternal torment of my life! What! obtain the greatest blessing of the world; the esteem of my fellow-men, by fraud! Owe the respect I enjoy only to a stratagem, my friends to a trick! to reflect, in the midst of love's purest endearments, that I am stealing them—to see myself looked up to as a man of honour, and to feel that I am the most vile and degraded of created beings. No, sir, no! since I am a coward, I will pass for one, but I will not steal a character for courage; I will not go."

"Very well," said Lascour, coolly, "very well! I'll go and tell Mademoiselle de Nerville."

"For mercy's sake, do not name that name," cried Savigny. "What shall I do—what agony—ah, you are my evil genius, Lascour. Marie—dishonour—the world—my conscience—my head is wandering—oh heavens! If I have thirty years more to live, take away five-and-twenty, and give me courage!"

"I offer it to you without expense; why do you not except it?"

"Shall I have been the less insulted?"

"I alone saw the insult offered you, I alone make it known; you attack me as having slandered you, and all is blotted out. Listen to me, and let me finish. We go on the ground to-morrow morning; we place ourselves at twenty paces—no, at fifteen, it is more in form. The pistols are loaded; we fire, at the same time, six inches too high, you understand me? six inches too high. After the first fire, the seconds will declare, that the laws of honour are satisfied. But you, for I yield up all the glory to you—you declare that the atonement is not sufficient, otherwise it would look like a duel between two deputies. They load—we fire, without touching either; they load a third time—we miss again; then the seconds interpose forcibly; you yield, at the same time declaring, that if you were in my place, you would not be satisfied. However, we are reconciled, we shake hands, I am a brave man, you are a hero, your reputation is re-established, you marry Mademoiselle de Nerville, and I announce it in my paper. What do you say to my plan?"

Savigny did not answer; his hand twisted convulsively in his hair, he seemed devoured by one of those internal conflicts, which exhaust ten years of our life in an hour; his knees shook, and his contracted lips showed his teeth firmly set. He remained in this situation before Lascour, five minutes, who alarmed himself at the sight of this silent, motionless agony, forgot his selfishness, was silent, and almost turned pale. All at once Savigny removed his hand, rose, and said to Lascour, in a hoarse voice, "this evening, at the opera!" and fled into his chamber.

#### CHAPTER THREE.

At eleven next morning, the following scene was enacted in the *Carrières Montmartre*, behind a wall; an open pistol-case lay on the ground, and two men, fifteen paces apart, had their weapons still in their hands. Then one of the seconds, stepping between them, said with a resolute air, "Gentlemen, six shots have been fired; it is enough for your honour, and too much, perhaps, for our conscience; the duel must cease, or I leave the ground." M. Lascour approached Savigny, and requested him to give him his hand.

"I have no right to refuse you, sir," said Savigny, and gave it to him.

"Now, gentlemen," said Lascour, addressing the seconds, "before we part, I will ask you to sign a declaration that M. Savigny and myself have acted like men of honour."

The seconds sat down on a grassy bank, and wrote hastily, in pencil:

"A meeting took place at Montmartre, this morning, between M. Savigny and M. Lascour, principal editor of the—. Three shots were exchanged on each side, and we declare on our honour, that the two combatants proved themselves men of courage.

[Signed]

"*Delaunay, Dercourt, Lenoir, Morval.*"

This document being finished, M. de Launay,

one of Lascour's seconds, drew near Savigny, and said—

"Sir, I earnestly desire that our acquaintance, began under such unpleasant circumstances, will not end here; your honourable and spirited behaviour to-day, ensures you my friendship for ever. If you will vouchsafe me yours in return, I shall be proud of it, as that of one of the most honourable men of my acquaintance."

Savigny, bowed.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Lascour, approaching, and taking Savigny one side, "allow me to say a single word to one who was, a moment since, my antagonist, and who I trust is now my friend. 'Well! what is the matter with you?—you seem quite anxious, and yet our plan has succeeded beyond my hopes. Do you know that I was afraid for a moment, at your first fire. If you had taken aim and shot me!'"

Savigny, made an indignant gesture.

"It would have been an original idea, at all events, my dear fellow. Luckily, every thing went off as well as could be. Here is our second's declaration; I will take it to all the papers; it will be printed this evening, known by all parties to-morrow, at the end of a week, we shall have two hundred friends more, and in a month's time, we shall not be able to accept half the invitations, that will pour in upon us at the *Rocher de Cancale*. Meantime, let us go to breakfast. What say you, gentlemen?—suppose we adjourn to the *Pavillon d'Ermenon*—but seeing Savigny turn pale at the name, he added, hastily, "no, I am wrong, to Gillet's."

"Gentlemen, excuse me for not joining you," said Savigny, "I feel somewhat unwell." And he got in his cabriolet alone, and drove off rapidly.

"What a strange fellow! how cool!" cried Delaunay, as he went away. "Do you know my dear Lascour, you have had a lucky escape, with such an antagonist."

#### CHAPTER FOUR.

It is noon. A young girl in her morning-dress; her hair in disorder, and her eyes swollen with weeping, goes incessantly from the door to the window of the saloon; leans as far as she can out of the balcony; stretches her neck out of the window, watching the entrance of the street, with fixed gaze: removes the locks which shade her forehead, to see the clearer, and then throws herself on a seat again, sobbing and concealing her face in her hands.

"He is dead! he is dead! I am sure he is dead!"

"My daughter; my dear daughter, do not give yourself up to despair, in this way."

"And I, who suspected him of cowardice; I, who could think that he had tamely let himself be insulted, when at the same time—"

"He will return, my daughter; he will return."

"Oh, if he returns! I will beg him to forgive me; I will throw myself at his feet: he will forgive me; I will repeat so often and so tenderly that I love him, that he will forgive me. But he will not return! and heaven punishes me, for having dared to suspect the noblest of men. He

is dead! I shall never see him again! Savigny, Savigny, oh, heavens!"

All at once, a slight noise was heard in the adjoining room. "Tis he!" cried the young girl, and hurried to the door. Savigny entered in fact, very pale, and let himself drop on the first seat he could find. "You are not wounded, are you?" cried she: "no no, you are not—oh, what happiness! It is he, mother, look, it is he; how I weep! but these are no painful tears; I would be glad to shed such always. Dear Savigny! how kind heaven has been to us. But pray, speak to me, say one word—one single word; I want to hear your voice; say only Marie, and I will understand it. What, still silent? Oh, I know you have heard of what I said, and are displeased with me. Oh, forgive me, my friend; I have been sufficiently punished for it: I have suffered so much. If you were told that your Marie had disgraced herself, you would die with grief; would you not? Well, then, judge of my sufferings, when a man assured me he had seen Savigny put up with an insult; my brave, my pure, my noble-minded Savigny; I ought not to have believed him, and yet he swore to me, that he had seen it; and then it is your fault too, if I am too nice on the point of honour. Why did you reveal to me, all the treasures of your generous and lofty spirit? A drop of water stains the snow. Ah, forgive me; forgive me! What, you do not answer me; you turn your head aside—this is cruel in you—I entreat you, look on Marie, who is stretching out her hands to you; you will not refuse me, and then, you know I am of the noble family of Neville; that family in which there never was a coward, and I thought I should have died, when I reflected that he, whom I loved, had been insulted. But how could I believe it—it was a crime in me—an unpardonable crime. Tell me how I must ask your pardon, and I will do so. But look at me—look at your Marie, for if you do, you will not have the heart to be so angry. Oh, what happiness! your hand clasp in mine, your eyes melt with tenderness; I recognize Savigny's features, when he tells me, 'I love you!' Oh, mother, mother, let me kiss him"—and without waiting for her smiling mother's consent, she threw herself in her betrothed's arms; kissed him tenderly, and hid her face in his bosom. M. Savigny embraced her affectionately; kissed her fair locks; let a tear fall on her neck, and said "dear Marie;" then he disengaged himself from her arms, and went away, saying, "I shall return."

An hour afterwards, Madame de Neville received a letter from Savigny, stained with blood. He had just shot himself. Poor Marie.

## CHAPTER FIVE.

"Joseph, bring me my chocolate and the papers," said M. Lascour, from his alcove. "Ah, here is the paper. Let me read my own glory. Capital!"

"Yesterday, a *rencontre* took place, etc."

"Very well, ah! Savigny's name again! what can that be?"

"Yesterday, about two o'clock, M. Savigny blew out his brains at his own residence. The motive of this horrid action, is unknown. M.

Savigny, was on the point of connecting himself with one of the first families of the metropolis."

Savigny! I must be dreaming—it is not possible—Savigny—yes, it is he, sure enough; he was on the point of connecting himself—there can be no doubt of it. What a riddle! such courage! This is a very meagre article. Something might have been made out of the close connection between his duel, and his suicide; something fine might have been said about the stern intrepidity of that man, who had risked his life, three times that morning already, and yet dared to put an end to it an hour afterwards, not fearing death after having stood so near it? and this strangely brave man, fought with me; and I with him! It does me credit; I will touch the article up. But what could have been the reason? I cannot imagine. He must have been beside himself. With such a wild head, he might have revealed our secret, if he had not killed himself. Joseph, bring me my chocolate."

Written for the Casket.

To Elizabeth H\*\*\*,—of Cincinnati.

## THE BRIGHTEST FLOWER.

BY L. M'ILTON.

There is a flower, a lovely flower,  
Of gayer, greener bloom,  
Than even lent an eastern bower,  
Its hue and rich perfume;  
Potosi's gems and glittering ore,  
Beam not the brightness of this flower.

Not all the sands the Caspian's tide,  
Rolls to the skill-wreathed coast;  
Nor all the gold on earth beside,  
Its brilliancy can boast;  
No flood of light nor starry tower,  
Can ray the glory of this flower.

The Eden-home where Adam fell,  
Was redolent and fair,  
No earthly flowers could those excel,  
That grew and flourished there;  
Yet Eden's shade, and scented bower,  
Were gloom, compared to this sweet flower.

Fast by the throne of God it grew,  
On Zion's holy towers;  
And bloomed in brightness ever new,  
Fairest among the flowers;  
Nor Seraph's strength, nor Angel's power,  
Could rear this rich, this splendid flower.

A bud from heaven's eternal tree,  
Plucked by the hand of God,  
Transplanted was on Calvary,  
And struck its roots in blood;  
It grew, and flourished—spotless pure,  
A green imperishable flower.

Behold the tree, whose boughs are spread  
O'er all the earth abroad,  
A shelter for the weary head—  
A bower built by God;  
He is the root, firm and secure,  
That warms with life, the holy flower.

Could Persia's Bdelium, purchase earth,  
And purchase all the skies,  
Compared with this, 'twere nothing worth  
This pearl of nameless prize,  
Religion prized of God and pure,  
Is this sacred sainted flower.

## LION HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LEWIS LESLIE, ESQ. 45TH REGIMENT.

Some years ago, it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape Cavalry, encamped on the banks of Orange River in South Africa, for the protection of the boors on the extreme boundary, against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion on the Colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish River, formerly the north eastern limit to the banks of the Gariiep or Orange River, had been but a few years in our possession, and then only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation I believe, was not recognized at that time by Government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar; vast plains or flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade of verdure to the weary eye; these plains were enriched or intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation; and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and nought enlivened the dreary scene, save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran wildly off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep, and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the banks of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited roods of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and something like the Israelites in the desert, betake themselves to tents, and with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their craals or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion; and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals or their instinctive precautions perhaps gave them more security than the feeble defence of a crowded craal.

It was on these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany. It has been frequently asserted that the lion is not the magnanimous and courageous animal that he was formerly described to be, and I see that Dr. Philip, in his researches, has related facility with which the Boesjensmans, (Bushmen,) with their poisoned arrows, destroy the Monarch of these Wilds. From a tolerable long acquaintance and experience on the African Frontier, I am inclined positively to deny both of these opinions. I have

seen the Lion on several occasions hunted and slain, and heard the relations of many (on which I could place more credit, than on those of the credulous boor,) which bear ample testimony of his courage and noble bearing when at bay.—The bushmen I have frequently seen practice with their bows, but I have very little faith in the correctness of their aim or the strength of their poison. The most authentic relations I could obtain of their shooting even the smallest species of the antelope, prove that the poison is not at all immediate in its effect; the wounded animal, with the barbed and poisoned arrow in his side, will bound along the plain, where he is traced by the Bushman's eagle eye until he staggers and falls when the poison has been absorbed. If such is the case with a weak and timid animal, what would it be with the powerful, bold, and fiery lion? destruction of the daring bushmen who would attempt to meet him. I am well aware that they assert their being able to kill the lion, but am confident it is for the purpose of imposing on the credulous boor to magnify the power of their favourite weapon. In nine months that we were encamped within a mile of a numerous craal of bushmen, they appeared to live almost wholly on roots, locusts and ants, and what they obtained from the neighbouring farmers, or from our station.

Those who have denied the noble daring of the lion, have never seen him in his native desert.—I have heard an individual who was engaged in the hunt, of which Mr. Pringle gives so vivid a description, bear ample testimony of his high and fearless bearing in many a furious encounter. My own experience is in every instance in his favour. He has nothing of the cunising, cowardice or treachery ascribed to the tiger.—In his conduct there appeared no pusillanimity. Before man he retreats with coolness and deliberation. He avoids because he hates, not because he fears him; once confront him, convince him that he is the object of your pursuit, and he retreats no longer. Whatever may be the number of his enemies, he will no longer shun you. He seats himself on some ridge, which he will never leave, and from thence growls inimitable defiance till loss of blood or some well-aimed bullet lays him prostrate on the earth. Often have I seen him roll, when wounded, from the ridge where he was seated, but on his recovery, his sole object appeared to be to regain it, as if it alone was the object of the contest, and he would only yield it with his life.

The method by which the boors pursue the lion, will be shown by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same; and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of Orange River, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen.

Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended after considerable intervals in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when, in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but of-